

Follow Thou Me

By ELEANOR BEARD HATTON



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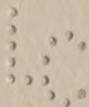
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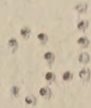


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TO THE PRECIOUS MEMORY
OF MY
SAINTED FATHER AND MOTHER
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

Follow Thou Me.

CHAPTER I.

"Sooner or later, we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we shall discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear that God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school. The Master does not mind that so much for its own sake, for He likes to see His children happy; but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care. But our Master cares. He has a perfectly overpowering solicitude for our education; and because He loves us, He comes into our school sometimes and speaks to us. He may speak very softly and very gently, or very loudly. Sometimes a look is enough, and we understand it like Peter, and go out at once and weep bitterly. Sometimes the voice is like the thunder-clap, startling a summer night.

"But one thing we may be sure of: the task He sets us to is never measured by our delinquency. The discipline may seem far less than our desert, or, to our eyes, ten times more, but it is not measured by these. It is measured by God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured solely that the scholar may be better educated when he arrives at his Father's home." Drummond.

"And now, little children, abide in him; that when he

shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming" (I John 2:28).

November 28th. I am just entering upon the tenth year of my work as a minister of the gospel, and the third year of the pastorate of Saint Paul's Church.

My congregation has met every obligation this year; and, at the same time, has almost completed a handsome stone church, which is, without doubt, a masterpiece of architectural genius—a real "triumph of mind over matter."

Mary and I have just made a thorough inspection of the entire structure. The workmen have just placed a memorial window which we dedicated to our angel boy.

This beautiful work of art represents a shepherd on the home-side of a swollen, turbulent stream, holding a lamb in his arms, which he has just borne across; while the sheep, led by the mother of the lamb, are, one by one, leaving the quiet pasture and braving the rushing torrent to find the fold on the other side. It bears this inscription: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." The thought was suggested by a little poem that gave us so much comfort in our sorrow. I can only trust that it may help some sorrowing parents to find the meaning of their bereavement.

During the coming year I trust my people will lift the debt that remains on the church. Then I want them to consider the support of a foreign missionary and the establishment of a mission here in the city.

December 2nd. I preached twice yesterday to large attentive congregations! This morning one of the leading dailies of the city contains a picture of our "handsome new church, and her popular pastor." Underneath there is a notice of the services of yesterday, abounding in such phrases as these: "eloquent divine," "strong sermon of deep thought," "the large cultured audience held spellbound," etc. There have been times when this flattering notice would have been very gratifying to me. But the very words that rang as eloquence on yesterday have the harsh jangle of the tinkling cymbal today. I have only to turn to the social column of the same paper and read some of the social announcements, to learn a few facts about the lives of some of my members that make my heart sick. I sigh wearily: "It is **one** thing to preach sermons that please people, and quite **another** thing to **reach the consciences, and influence the lives of those same people.**" And yet, I have tried to lift a high standard of Christian living and show a high ideal of Christian character. I have preached of the

emptiness and vanity of low sensual living; and still, Mrs. Mauldin continues to give card parties and serve wine to the young men and young women of our church, of other churches, and to those who belong to no church.

Percy Armstrong, president of the most fashionable club in the city, and his beautiful young wife are still leaders in the gayest circle of the corrupt society of the city. As owner and proprietor of the Belle Vue Hotel, of course, he is also the owner and proprietor of a "high-class" bar. I could mention the names of others, who listen to my sermons and praise them on Sunday, and through the week attend theatres, play cards, dance, or indulge in other forms of pleasure hurtful to the Christian life. Yes, when I study the roll of my church carefully, I fear that few persons who hold their membership in St. Paul's Church are Christians in the real meaning of the word. And when I look into things, and see them as I do this morning, I am deeply troubled.

Among the notices of religious services held in the city yesterday, I see an account of a Convention of a body of Christian workers, known as the "Eleventh Hour Laborers." They are holding their meetings in a large gospel tent, and immense crowds are attending them. Notably, among the

many converts, the reporter mentions Tom Callahan, a saloon-keeper of a very disreputable part of the city. No mention is made of a conversion in any other congregation!

Downstairs I hear Mary singing:

“Not at death I shrink nor falter,
For my Saviour saves me now;
But to meet Him empty-handed,
Thought of this now clouds my brow.”

Dear Mary, I wonder if you feel the same doubts and fears that now distress my heart. I wonder if you are in the same conflict, or do the words fall unconsciously from your lips?

I believe I will leave all these cares and go for a walk; perhaps the power of God's sunshine and the free, fresh air of heaven may dispel these perplexities.

December 4th. The gloomy forebodings of yesterday have given way to brighter thoughts, and sweeter hopes. I cannot account for these fogs that fall at times upon my spiritual being; and which, from their more frequent occurrences on that day, I have called “Blue Mondays.” My health is robust; I preach without feeling any fatigue; therefore, I know it is not physical reaction. But whatever the cause, it is fortunate for me that they

do not last long. If they did, I should be utterly unfitted for the duties of my calling. Tonight I am to assist in a marriage ceremony. One of my members, Florence Rigsley, is to become the bride of the Rev. James Andrew Watson, the son of a prominent minister in the city. Florence is one of the most active workers in the St. Paul's Church; a leader of the Young People's Societies; teacher in Sunday School, and a devoted member of the missionary societies. May God abundantly bless their united lives.

December 5th. Yesterday morning I congratulated myself that the fogs of "Blue Monday" had cleared away, leaving me in a frame of mind to enjoy a wedding feast. However, last night, just as I began to feel the influence of the scene of splendor, suddenly a conviction, similar to that which I had felt on Monday, seized my heart; and this question presented itself to my consciousness: "Is this Christianity? Is this the teaching of the lowly Nazarene, whose test of discipleship was this: 'If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself'?"

I realized all at once that selfishness is as truly a sin against God and humanity as vice itself; and I knew that it would be as great a miracle for one to be converted to Christ while surrounded by all the

subtle allurements of that dainty perfumed life, as was the conversion of Tom Callahan.

I have been wondering ever since if anyone can follow Christ in such an atmosphere as that with which these people have surrounded themselves. I am not sure that I have ever witnessed just such a scene as that presented last night. The costly array of the bride and her attendants, the jewels of gold and precious stones, worn by those who call themselves Christians, the brilliant display of costly wedding presents, the subtle perfume of rare flowers, the glitter of cut-glass and silver plate, the magnificent yet harmonious decorations, altogether produced such an irresistible charm that few people who have felt it have much relish for real Christianity. It is like trying to serve two masters. Yet, God forbid that I should judge.

Mary was impressed in the same way; yet she looked a little further, as she usually does, and saw the practical as well as the ethical side of the matter. After we reached home last night she said musingly: "That wedding must have cost enough to support both a foreign and a home missionary for a year." I agreed with her, but was too busy with my own thoughts to talk.

This morning at breakfast I said that I was going down to the tent meeting, as I wished to know for

myself just what was being taught down there.

Mary answered very promptly, "If you will wait until I plan dinner and see after the children a bit, I will go with you."

"Oh, there is plenty of time," I answered; "yet I doubt whether you would enjoy the meeting, as I have heard of some very extravagant things being done and said by these people."

"Yet," she answered, "I have been told that they are very earnest and unworldly; and it seems to me that I can't associate George Mayhew with anything fanatical. Anyway, I will go this morning; and if it is not a well-conducted meeting, why, I need not go any more."

The fact is I have some misgivings about Mary going to a meeting of that kind. Her conscience seems morbidly sensitive, and she has never recovered her wonted spirits since the death of our oldest child. I am afraid this teaching will not prove wholesome for her. But there, she is calling. I shall try to shield her from any fanatical teaching.

Later.—We reached the tent this morning in the midst of a testimony meeting. A member of the convention, noticing my ministerial attire, invited me to take a seat on the stand. This I declined, but moved to a seat near the front, on one side of the stand. There I could see the congregation. Peo-

ple were there from all parts of the city. I noticed some of my own flock,—people of thought and culture, others gay and thoughtless. Then there were people from the “streets and lanes of the city,” and from the “highways and hedges of life.” What is it that brings this mixed multitude together? People of such different tastes, and such widely differing environment, I always supposed could not mingle together either in the church or in the drawing-room. With the wealthy, cultured class, I have always associated the stone church, with its symmetrical architecture, its grand pipe organ, and its cushioned pews. With the other classes, I have associated the little wooden chapel, or the street corner. But here all elements gather from time to time under a huge temporary tabernacle. What magnet draws them together? What power causes giddy, thoughtless Evelyn Wayne to sit and listen quietly to song and sermon? What brings that hungry, longing expression into faces that have been hardened by earthly care? I tried to find an answer to these questions as I sat and listened to a sermon that was neither mighty in argument, nor eloquent in diction; yet it commanded attention, and at its close, many knelt at the rough pine bench for prayer. I left the tent with the question still unsettled.

On the way home we passed a little group of negroes, carrying on an animated conversation. I do not know what they were discussing, I heard only one sentence: an old weather-beaten philosopher, with impressive gesture, made this statement just as we passed the group: "Wall, dere ain't no use in talkin'; no man ain't open to convicshun when he is already done went forward in his own mind and decided de case." This quaint little speech was not meant for my ears; and yet I still hear it. Am I blinded by prejudice? Am I not open to conviction? All through this week I have been conscious of an inward debate like the following: "These Eleventh Hour Laborers are more or less fanatical. Their work is extravagant and unreal. Then, too, they appeal to the emotional nature; therefore their work will not stand. I appeal to the higher conscience of my congregation, and address them through the intellect."

"How do you know these people are fanatical? Have you given them a quiet hearing, unbiased by your own opinion? How do you know they appeal to the emotions? Is George Mayhew a man who would likely be led away by light, emotional, or fanatical teaching?"

"I am a workman of a different type, and preach by example as well as from the pulpit. I have

never been a worldly person; and I have striven, day by day, to furnish my people a living example of a humble, earnest Christianity. Of course, I am conscious of failure, but still I am pressing on."

"But are worldly people really influenced by your example to lead holy lives? Have you witnessed changes wrought in men's lives as a result of your ministry? Do you influence abandoned sinners to come to Christ?"

"Perhaps my work is conservative. Christ's message to one Church was: 'That which ye have already, hold fast till I come.'"

"Are you sure that all, or even the majority of your members have saving faith in Christ—something to hold till He comes—something that will stand the test of His coming? Is there not need for radical work in Saint Paul's Church? Does it occur to you that the worldliness that you know exists among its members may, in a measure, at least, be due to lack of spiritual power on your part? It takes supernatural power to lead souls to Christ in any condition of life. Human eloquence can't do it. Personal magnetism and a beautiful example may excite admiration; but they can't lift men out of the mire of sin and show them a Saviour. Besides, do you remember John Inskip, under whose preaching you were brought to Christ? Did he not

give testimony to the same experience and preach with the same power as do the leaders in this convention? Do you recall any very fruitful ministry in which these doctrines are not emphasized?"

"I suppose they may do good in a way; but what good comes of preaching in these side issues? I am told that Dr. Heath, the president of the body, actually teaches healing for the body as part of the work of redemption; and I am told that tomorrow morning he will preach on the 'Second Coming of Christ.' Why not preach the gospel of repentance to sinners, instead of inviting a promiscuous congregation to pry into God's own secrets? I wonder if he ever heard of Henry Jones, who refused to plant a crop because he said that Christ would come before it would be harvested? His fanaticism caused his family great suffering and privation, which he escaped by going around holding meetings. It is very fitting for men of mature, quiet minds to study these things out for themselves; but I do not think it safe or wise to preach about them. If it were not for these little streaks of fanaticism, I believe I could enter into this meeting with interest, even if I do not agree with them in all points of doctrine."

Anyway, I will go back tomorrow and hear Dr. Heath.

December 6th. I went to the tent this morning strongly entrenched in my own opinion, my own theory; and I came home just as much at sea as ever. On the way to the meeting I kept saying to myself: "To be ready for death is to be ready for Christ's coming. I wonder if I had better tell Dr. Heath the case of Henry Jones, and warn him of the danger of preaching on this subject?" However, I did not have the opportunity, for when I reached the tent, the leaders of the meeting were engaged in prayer. Dr. Heath was kneeling very low, with his face buried in his hands, in deep, but silent, intercession. The sight impressed me very deeply. As I stood at the end of the bench, for Mary to pass to a seat, she silently knelt and joined in the prayer. Almost mechanically I followed her example; but I can hardly say that I prayed. My mind was full of confusing thoughts.

By the time the season of prayer was over, the tent was rapidly filling. After a song service there was the usual testimony meeting. Some of the testimonies were, it seemed to me, extravagant; others, mechanical and dry; but many were full of the very freshness and joy of heaven.

George Mayhew spoke of his conversion as a fact that he had never doubted; but still his experience as a Christian had not been a victorious one.

He had long sought an established experience; and at last had found his needs all fully realized in Christ. By the grace of God, he had yielded himself, as a lump of clay into the hands of the Divine Potter, to be moulded, to be transformed.

I was busy thinking: "Here is George Mayhew, whom I have always regarded as a model type of Christian manhood, loyal to the Church, and faithful to all of her ordinances; one whose ideals of Christian living and thinking were far and away beyond that of any other young man of my congregation. A successful business man—wealthy, educated, traveled—a social favorite." I had never dreamed of George Mayhew seeking anything that did not come in an easy, appropriate way. I did not know that he needed a higher, or deeper Christian experience; and was greatly surprised when I learned that he had found it, of all places, in a tent meeting.

The next to speak was Tom Callahan, who said, "I don't suppose God ever saved a greater sinner than Tom Callahan. I have heard men speak of the time when they prayed at their mother's knee; but, until last Saturday night, I don't remember ever knowing what it was to use God's name except in blasphemy. I knew that there was a God; and that I was a sinner in His sight, but I never dreamed

that it was possible for my life to be changed. Christian people looked down on me and my business, and they had a right to do it. God only knows the blackness of it all. Mothers have begged me, with tears, not to sell whiskey to their boys, and (may God pity me) to their girls, too. I have had little children with downcast eyes plead with me to try to get their fathers, and, sometimes, their mothers, to come home sober, and bring them something to eat." Here the strong man broke down and buried his face in his hands, and wept. Then he went on: "My heart bleeds when I think of the lives my business has helped to curse! But God has saved me! Glory to His Name! The ground has drunk every drop of the accursed liquor that was in my bar. Please pray that I may serve this merciful, gracious God as faithfully as I have served Satan!"

While Tom Callahan was talking I kept thinking: "What an object lesson for temperance workers!" I have heard lecturers read the 10th Psalm, and hurl all of its bitter epithets against the saloon-keeper. I am not apologizing for the liquor business. I hate it, and wish it was truly legislated out of every state of the Union, and every country of the world. But in fighting the business, let us not forget that back of every saloon is a man, and that man has a soul, and no matter how soiled that soul has be-

come, its value can only be estimated by the price that Christ paid for it—His blood!

Dr. Heath's sermon was based on two texts: "Watch ye and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man" (Luke 21:36). "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15).

He opened his sermon with a short Bible reading, which showed that the early Christians were taught by the apostles to expect the Lord's return to earth—it was their "blessed hope."

At first I tried to rehearse my theories on His coming. But, as a matter of fact, I soon found that I had thought very little of His coming; and when I had thought of it, I had always put it in the dim, uncertain, shadowy future—an event that I knew would surely come to pass some day. I thought He would come after the heathen world should be converted; when good should at last triumph over evil throughout the world. However, I soon forgot to defend my position, and I became engrossed in one of the most masterly arguments, as well as one of the most deeply spiritual sermons I had ever heard. His first text he applied to private individual conduct—standing daily before the Son of man,

clothed in His righteousness, washed in His blood, filled with His Spirit, and watching unto prayer. The outcome of such living would be God's great throbbing, living love, manifesting itself in the activities of the second text.

Some of his interpretations of prophecy were new to me; and it will require time for me to study them, so as to be able to reject them, or adopt them. However, these things did not form the burden of his sermon. The point of his argument was directed to the practical bearing of his subject upon Christian conduct. He lifted an exalted standard: "If Christ should come today, are your life and work such that you could meet Him with joy? Do you love His appearing? Are you doing His will? Is your life in harmony with His plan for you? If so, it is really a part of His everlasting kingdom; and His coming will be the crowning joy of your life—the great completion of your task."

It is hard to describe the effect that these words produced upon my inner consciousness. I could not assure myself that my life in all points was in harmony with God's plan. Somehow, it seemed as if I had forfeited something that, all at once, seemed very important. Another thing—this man preached like one to whom the simple gospel of the Son of man is today a living power—the greatest

power in the world: greater than all the evils of society; greater than all political wrongs; greater than the love of money and all its blight upon mankind; greater than the liquor traffic; greater than the superstition and darkness of the heathen world; in short, greater than all the combined forces of hell. His preaching was different from the ordinary preaching.

During the altar service that followed the sermon, an invitation was given for those who had not realized the Divine harmony in their lives, to come and yield themselves to God; and I saw Mary quietly leave my side, and kneel among the seekers at the altar.

I tried to enter into the spirit of the meeting; but still something seemed to be in the way. I was conscious of a variety of feelings. At times I would feel a deep penitent longing to kneel beside Mary at the altar, then a vague shivering dread would be followed by an impatient desire for the service to close.

Moreover I was rather hurt that Mary should seek help in her Christian life without coming to me for it. Besides, several of my flock had found a new life, or a brighter experience at the tent meeting. This seemed a reflection on my work as a pastor. I formed a mental resolve not to go back to

another service, and to persuade Mary not to go again, thinking that I could teach her when we reached home that the old paths were safer than new ones. But before the service closed the great Teacher spoke to her heart, and I could see in her radiant face something that needed no words to explain. Yet, I cannot understand why I need to seek another work of grace in my heart. I believe in growth.

When we were away from the crowd, Mary said: "Will, I really did not know the way was so simple. Today I was telling Miss Heath my difficulties, failures, and struggles; and she said: 'My dear, you must leave off trying to make yourself holy, and simply take Christ for all you need.' Turning to Romans 5:10 she read: 'For, if when we were enemies, we were reconciled by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.' It all seemed so new, but so sweet and satisfying. As I began to grasp the truth, a quiet, restful peace stole into my heart, pervading my whole being."

I answered in as firm a tone as I could command: "Mary, your life has been beautifully consistent; you mustn't pay too much attention to this sudden stirring of your emotions. When you are meet-

ing the varied engagements of life, you cannot maintain such feelings as these."

"I am not talking about feelings—I have just learned more about Christ. I don't think you understand me, dear," she answered gently.

I am rather sorry now that I said what I did to this remark, for I am sure that she was not boasting any superior knowledge or spiritual attainment. Yet my sense of wounded love made me answer in a voice that was cold and stern, complaining of a barrier of wonderful knowledge and spiritual understanding suddenly coming between us.

"Oh, Will," she said, "please don't talk that way! I haven't learned anything new or deep at all. I have just found rest." I made no reply; for I was convinced that I did not understand her at all. In fact, I was then, and am still, far from being at rest in my mind. So we walked on some time in silence. I was busy trying to settle this inner turmoil that has been stirring to the very center of my being these last few days. The little woman who walked by my side was silent too; but hers was the deep hush that followed the Master's whisper: "My peace I give unto thee."

Just before we reached home Mary said in a musing sort of way: "I was reading the other day of a party crossing an African desert. Thirsty and hot

and travel-worn, they looked across the burning sand, and saw what appeared to be a sheet of sparkling water; but when they hastened to quench their thirst, they found it was only a mirage. After another day of weary travel, they really reached an oasis. As they rested beneath the welcome shade, and drank the cooling water from the spring, I imagine they could hardly have been persuaded that it was only another mirage!" The little story made its own application.

December 8th. Friday afternoon, and no sermon outlined for Sunday morning, or evening! I spent yesterday visiting the sick and strangers of my flock. Friday morning I always observe a fast, and spend the time as nearly as possible in prayer and self-examination.

This afternoon I feel must be used in preparation for Sunday. The house is perfectly quiet; and yet, for some reason, I cannot collect my thoughts; I cannot command my mind to do its work. What is the matter? Have these strange scenes and experiences, through which I have been passing, upset my nerves? I cannot help feeling rather glad that the meeting at the tent will not continue through another week.

I have thought of preaching from the text: "But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord

and Saviour, Jesus Christ." I have given the subject much thought, and have a store of beautiful illustrations that I had expected to use; but, somehow or other, it seems that they have all vanished from my mind, or become insipid, and unsatisfactory. Usually, when alone in the quiet of my study, I can rid myself of all disagreeable thoughts, and become absorbed in any work that I wish to do. But today, the stillness only oppresses me; and I am haunted by the question: "After all, is this a suitable text for your congregation? Would not something else be more to the point?" The fact is, I am all at sea.

I tried to quiet my mind by reading some hymns. The first one that caught my attention was that beautiful hymn from the matchless pen of Charles Wesley:

"Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down:
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown!

"Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

"Breathe, oh, breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all in Thee inherit
Let us find that *second rest*."

At this line I laid the book down, I knew the line was in the hymn, but it had never troubled me before. Why does the author use the term: "second rest"? Did not God do a perfect work in my heart at conversion? Does God need a second trial? Is not God's work always complete? I wish some great teacher would come and settle all these questions for me, and relieve my mind of all this turmoil.

One of the songs I heard at the tent rings persistently in my ears; I try to hum it; but the tune evades me, and I can recall only a few phrases: "Sweet will of God," and "All discords hushed." Dr. Heath spoke of lives in harmony with God's will; and I tried hard to believe that my experience was the same as that which he was presenting; only I had reached it by a different process—growth. Yet, when I asked myself a moment ago: "Is God's will sweet to me?" I could not give a joyous unconditional "Yes!" I could only say: "I have always tried to be submissive to God's providences; but I cannot say, 'God's will is sweet. I delight to do it.'"

I am reminded of an old poem that used to give me great comfort in the early days of my Christian life: One stanza runs:

“Thou sweet, beloved will of God,
My anchor ground, my fortress hill,
My spirit’s silent, fair abode,
In thee I hide me, and am still.”

As I repeat the lines, and recall the tender, sweet joy of those early days, somehow they sound like the echo of a distant voice, and I am startled by this question: “Have you really grown in grace?”

It seems that I have suddenly struck my spiritual pulse, and am rather alarmed to find that, while I may have grown in intellect, in knowledge of some things, and in a kind of philosophical patience, still my growth in grace is small indeed.

Perhaps a review of my Christian life may be helpful. While a student in college, in a meeting held by John Inskip, I experienced a change of heart. That one fact in my life is just as real to me as my physical birth. I have never had the faintest doubt of the reality of that change. In the same meeting many claimed what they called a “second blessing.” But my heart was so changed, and was so full of a new, precious joy, that I did not feel the need of another blessing then. In my ordination,

in answer to the question, "Do you expect to be made 'perfect in love' in this life?" I answered, "I do." The next question was, "Are you groaning after it?" These questions troubled me at the time, for I had begun to realize that they suggested an experience that I had not attained; and, to be honest, I was not groaning after it, either.

In my course of study, I frequently came across the term "perfect love," or "entire sanctification," and it was generally spoken of as a definite experience and a second work of grace. When I read the lives of the Fathers and Mothers of the Church, my heart was stirred by the downright holiness, power, strict unworldliness, and rigid self-denial of their lives. I knew that they had a deeper experience than I had. After my four years' course was finished I gradually took up different reading matter—more classical, I told myself. My mind was diverted, so to speak, from this line of thought. My ideals were unconsciously changed. I never dreamed that they had become less spiritual. I thought I was becoming more broad-minded.

As time went on, I became ambitious to "rise" as a minister, to be considered an eloquent, philosophical preacher. I feel humiliated today when I realize the extent to which I have been mastered by this ambition. When the fact first impressed it-

self upon my spiritual consciousness, I asked myself in a startled, frightened way, "Have I fallen from grace?" But when I calmly study my relations to Christ, I know that in spite of failures, shortcomings, and even unfaithfulness, I do not recall a time since my conversion that I have not known that by the grace of God I was saved. I have no fear of death. Yet I am conscious that something is wrong. I recall my Saviour's words: "And they that fell among thorns are they which when they have heard, go forth, and are choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection." Yes, I see the little sickly stalk of grain, choked with a great luxuriant growth of thorns, bearing almost no fruit, is a striking illustration of my efforts to serve God, overshadowed and choked by the thorns of self-will, vanity, and ambition.

The afternoon has passed; and nothing has been written of my sermon but the text. But I am convinced that I have run across some of the things that have hindered the growth in grace of the pastor of St. Paul's Church. The terms, "Inbred Sin" and the "Carnal Mind" are no longer abstract theories. I now know them in a practical way, having found them fully explained in my own heart. More than that, I am convinced that there is a life

of victory and power actually lived by many of God's children in this present day; and whether the "Second Blessing" theory is correct or not from a theological standpoint, still I know that I have not yet reached or attained this experience. God help me!

December 9th. Yesterday as I completed the above entry, my mind was so entirely convinced of the absolute need of a deeper work of grace in my heart that I felt that the struggle was almost ended. This proves how little we know of ourselves.

I left my study for a walk. I had not gone far when I met Professor Woodson, coming to ask me to go with him to look at some books that had been presented to the College Library. Professor Woodson is a member of St. Paul's Church; and since I came here a warm friendship has sprung up between us. His lofty ideals and æsthetic nature give his company a peculiar charm for me. He is scholarly, classical, and, at times, a brilliant conversationalist. Yesterday afternoon he was at his best, and his company was a striking contrast to the solemn, serious thoughts that had occupied my mind all day. For, while this friend of mine is a loyal churchman, still his knowledge of Christ seems to be historical and classical rather than ex-

perimental. Anyway, I did not feel like showing him the deep convictions that had pierced my heart. I write this only to show the bearing that his company had upon my thoughts and convictions on yesterday. It is, without doubt, moral weakness to feel that another person has power over one's very conscience; but in this humble journal I must write the whole truth, even when it is unwelcome to my secret thoughts.

I had been in Professor Woodson's company only a few minutes, when the old life reasserted its power, and threw around me all of its subtle, alluring charm; and the convictions that had troubled me so much seemed but a nightmare as I yielded myself to the influence of this friend.

I went home with the firm belief that the life which I had been contemplating was practically impossible to a man with my environments. While this decision seemed to excuse my attitude, still it failed to give me rest of conscience. In fact, I was "like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind, and tossed."

Almost immediately after evening prayer, I went to my study, feeling that I had settled, or rather hushed, the questions that had been claiming my attention all through the week. I was really too tired to prepare a sermon, so picking up a copy of

our church paper from the table, I soon became absorbed in an article from the pen of one of our leading laymen, headed "The Achievements of Our Church." The writer dwelt upon her wealth, enumerating her handsome church buildings within the state, Saint Paul's being among the number. He called attention to her magnificent institutions of learning, and her educated ministry. He mentioned her orphanages and missionary enterprises. Strange to say, the article spoke only of material wealth; no mention was made of spiritual power. I was reminded of the report of my year's work just as I had given it at the annual gathering of my church. I took the little paper from my pocket, and read it over. I leaned my head against the back of my chair, and all the emotions that were shaking my being subsided, and I sank into a deep repose. Perhaps what followed was only a dream.

I thought I was reading this report as I had read it a few weeks ago. I felt that we were making a fine showing. But, as I raised my eyes, the scene was suddenly changed; my gaze was smitten by a dazzling light; and instead of the chairman, there stood One whose glory and majesty proclaimed Him to be "King of kings, and Lord of lords." I had never dreamed of such kingliness. I sank as if consumed by the very brightness of His presence.

When my head sank to the spot where His feet shone as bright brass, I noticed within the brilliant appearance the forms of human feet; and every ray of the burnished brass was focussed in nail wounds. A strong hand grasped mine; and, as I felt the uplifting touch, my palm was pressed against other nail wounds. The "voice like the sound of many waters" was marvelously sweet, as He said, "Fear not, I am he that liveth and was dead." I shall never forget the supreme sweetness of that moment when I seemed to be in the glorious consuming presence of the King of kings and heard Him say to me, "Fear not." As at first I was smitten by His glory, now I was melted by His love and knew that His glory and majesty were but the rays of the sun. The very essence of His Being was love! I became conscious of a strange pervading light, revealing spiritual truths as the wonderful X-rays penetrate material bodies. Nothing could be hidden: there were no more secrets, nor difference of opinion. I saw things according to their real, eternal values. By this new light, the report of my year's work was reviewed. I did not need to read it, for each item had been recorded in "**The Book**," and indexed in my memory, and the two balanced perfectly. Each item of the report was answered by the Son of man.

St. Paul's Church.

1. Lay members, seven hundred and fifty.

"And there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

"Alas!" I thought, with a sad heart, "what a small proportion of the members of St. Paul's Church have I reason to hope are really in the fold of Christ."

2. Church Buildings—one.

How well I recalled the pride with which I had added this statement. "We have almost completed a handsome new stone church, which, when finished, will be one of the most beautiful churches in the city. It will cost \$100,000."

The Master answered: "These things sayeth the Amen, the faithful and true Witness, the Beginning of the creation of God, Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked, I counsel thee to buy of me gold, tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see. As many as I love I rebuke and chasten; be zealous therefore and repent," "As for these things which ye behold, the days will come, in which there shall not be left

one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down."

I felt poor indeed as I saw the beautiful unfinished church that had occupied so much time and thought, and on which we had lavished so much more money than we had given for the spread of the gospel—yes, our massive, elegant, stone church, with its costly memorials, was really going down in a crash, while its worldly, deluded, purse-proud members were vainly trying to hide themselves under its stones! In vain I wished that we had been more interested in the world's greatest need. Somehow I could not help feeling that a simpler church, more needy people fed and clothed, and the gospel of the kingdom more widely proclaimed would have been more pleasing to the Master.

3. Pastor's salary, assessed \$2,500; paid \$2,500. The same true loving voice replied: "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

I remembered when I had labored cheerfully on a toilsome mountain mission for \$350! Had I unconsciously become mercenary?

4. Foreign Missions, assessed \$750; paid \$750. Domestic Missions, assessed \$425; paid \$425.

There was something so sweet and compelling in the tones that answered: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

We had given all that we were asked for, and thought our report sounded well; but when considered from the viewpoint of eternity, and compared with God's way of giving, it seemed small and mean. I remembered the Master's words: "The children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light," and I wept to think how little we had invested in heavenly treasure, compared with what we could have done, by self-denial.

5. What is being done for the Orphanage? The Church supports three orphans, the Sunday School, two, individuals, three.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The commendation was sweet; but I sighed when I realized that we should have done at least tenfold as much as we had. I seemed to see a multitude of innocent, helpless children, left to suffer from hunger and neglect, while we were living in needless self-indulgence, or busying ourselves with undertakings that belonged to earth. I understood as never before the meaning of Paul's

words: "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss: but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire."

6. One item more, just as I had given it before. The spiritual condition of my church is not what I would want it. While there are a few earnest, devoted Christians among its members, still there is a strong spirit of worldliness and pleasure-seeking among the majority of those whose names are on my church roll. I have preached against worldliness in all of its forms; I have dealt honestly with all prevalent social evils, as I have seen them; I have encouraged the Young People's Society in every department of its work. Still I have been utterly unable to stem the fearful tide of sinful pleasure that bears down upon all classes of people in the city, especially the young people."

The voice "like the sound of many waters" spoke in tones of authority: "The things which are **impossible with men are possible with God**. Come after me, and I will make you to become a fisher of men; for I have much people in this city."

I caught a glimpse of the possibilities of the life of power that I had not attained,—and yet it was my privilege. Another lost opportunity thrust itself upon my consciousness! While I had been preaching what some people were pleased to call

“strong sermons of deep thought”; while I had, as I supposed, been lifting a high standard of Christian living, appealing to the higher conscience, etc., many of my people were rushing eagerly after the sensuous, destructive pleasures of this life; others were grinding out an existence of servitude in the miserable worship of the Golden Calf; while some, yes, as awful as the reality was, some had dropped into Christless graves with their names on the roll, which I carried near my heart! I saw that in the sermons I had preached, showing the vanity and emptiness of a life of sin, I did not manifest a Saviour’s love, nor tell His power to save. It was much as if I had said: “Don’t you see what ugly, foolish things you do? Don’t you know these things will destroy you? It was no wonder that men had gone on without heeding. I became desperate; moreover, I felt a tender, pitying, yearning love for all classes and conditions of deluded humanity. “Master,” I cried, “let me go back, and tell them that Thou canst save. I see my failure, and repent; but I pray Thee, let me try again!” In my eagerness, I made an effort to move; but felt that loving, thrilling touch of the wounded Hand again, and heard again the matchless voice of love and authority saying, “Tarry, till ye be endued with power from on high!”

On this I awoke, and gazed around wondering. On the floor at my feet lay my report. I picked it up quietly; and feeling that it was duly recorded, I dropped it into the waste basket.

My dream seemed so real that I went to the window and looked out. Everything was quiet, the city was lighted by a full moon, while the midnight stars had taken their watch. In plain view the substantial masonry of St. Paul's Church declared that His Coming was yet delayed.

I was fully awake, and asked myself the question: "What does it mean?" I realized, in my inmost being, that I was facing a crisis in my Christian life. As a strong man armed, I had kept my house, defended my theory with all my strength; but a stronger than I had come upon me, destroyed my armor, broken up my house, and was fast destroying my goods.

I renewed the fire, and settled down to face the issue. I took from my pocket a little Testament, in which I honestly sought help and guidance. As I was turning the leaves, my attention was arrested by these words in the twelfth chapter of St. John: "The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified: Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much

fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be; if any man serve me, him will my Father honor. Now is my soul troubled; and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour; but for this hour came I unto this hour. Father, glorify thy name. There came a voice from heaven saying, I have both glorified it, and will glorify it again.

“Jesus answered and said, This voice came, not because of me, but for your sakes. Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out. And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, shall draw all men unto me.”

As I read this passage, I became deeply conscious of this fact—I was facing a death—yes, a death that I dreaded more than the mere dissolution of soul and body. It was the crucifixion of **self**. I had never felt more helpless or burdened. I resolved to sit down calmly, and count the cost.

My wife and children I had long ago entrusted to God's keeping. I renewed this covenant, feeling that Mary's recent consecration of herself helped to make the covenant more perfect. Therefore I realized that my family would not stand in the way of my leading a life of singular devotion to Christ,

and very special separation from the world. The issue was this: "Will you give up forever your claim to the flattering titles that you have loved so long; and, instead of being what men call 'an able minister,' or 'eloquent pulpit orator,' will you become My messenger? One thing more, are you willing to be misunderstood and criticized, while you seek to make yourself of 'no reputation'?" Here followed the death struggle. These things seem as worthless and insignificant today as the little brown husk that the grain threw off to become a stalk of wheat. But they seemed real only a few hours ago—a part of my very being. The more I looked at the beautiful, fruitful life, the stronger became my desire to realize its wonderful possibilities. I began to abhor the old self-life. Desire was growing into Will.

As I sank upon my knees in a weakness that was akin to despair, from somewhere there came the power to say, "I will," and I yielded to God, and He transformed me. How? I can no more tell that than I can describe the secret of LIFE, that causes the little brown seed, under certain conditions, to give up its existence as a seed and become a stalk of wheat. I only know that something was done that I had no power to do. I was conscious of the living, loving, life-giv-

ing presence of God within my being, while a gentle yet consuming love pervaded every recess of my being. I buried my face in my hands, and said in awed tones: "My Lord and my God!"

"Through faith I see Thee face to face;
I see Thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove;
Thy nature and Thy name is *Love*."

When I told Mary of the events of last night, she said in a low, happy voice, "Thank God!" Then after a moment of blissful, peaceful silence, she added gently, "I believed it was coming, Will, some time. God answers so abundantly, like the gracious Father that He is! This seems like a second wedding morning, in which we are made one in Christ, to stand together as His witnesses, to labor together in His strength, and to plead together His promises. Two are so much stronger than one."

"Amen," I answered fervently.

CHAPTER II.

"Whereupon, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

I had walked life's path with an easy tread,
Had followed where comfort and pleasure led;
And then by chance, in a quiet place,
I met my Master face to face.

I met Him, and knew Him, and blushed to see
That His eyes, full of sorrows, were fixed on me;
And I faltered, and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted, and vanished away;

Melted and vanished, and in their place
I saw naught else but my Master's face;
And I cried aloud, "Oh, make me meet
To follow the prints of Thy wounded feet!"

My thought is now for the souls of men,
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since alone in that holy place
My Master and I stood face to face.

—*Author Unknown.*

December 15th I attended another service at the tent, and saw the work and the workers of this great organization from a different viewpoint. Instead of going as a critic to see what was being

done, I went with a feeling of fellowship to add my prayers and testimony to theirs. I did this without feeling it to be a cross. I wanted to tell the throng of people who gathered there what Christ had done for me. I had absolutely no concern about what would be thought or said concerning the stand I had taken. **I was at rest.** When I thought of God, it was with a sense of harmony that I had never experienced before, and quiet hallelujahs welled up from the depths of my being. When I thought of man, it was with a tender, forgiving, patient love, that rejoiced with the saved and grieved over the lost with a kind of hopeful grief as I thought of Christ's power to save.

In the limited opportunity that I had of studying these people, I learned this: each one had invariably sought and found a definite experience of sanctification, or, as some expressed it, they had received the Holy Spirit. Many of them were men and women of unmistakable intelligence and deep culture. Others had received their only education in Dr. Heath's Bible School, and their only culture from the refining power of the religion of Jesus Christ and association with other Christians. Although this difference is very evident, still it causes no discord; all alike are servants of the Most High God.

Another thing that impresses me very much is

their faith. Prayer with them is direct intercourse with the Father in heaven in the name of His Son, the Saviour of men. Such prayer brings results. Men and women were saved during the meeting whom I had almost believed to be past redemption.

These are the characteristics that I now see in Dr. Heath, and the majority of his co-workers. But there were some who took part in the meeting who seemed to take a peculiar delight in the wholesale denunciation of the church and the ministry. I know, from personal experience and close observation, that much that was said along these lines is sadly true. Still I doubt the wisdom of this kind of preaching, for it hardly ever savors of the Spirit of Him who wept over Jerusalem and said, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

I am not apologizing for the inconsistencies of church members nor for the lack of power in the ministry. I know the evil exists; but it is a cause for weeping, and not an occasion for sarcastic utterances and light caricatures. The situation reminds me of a scene like this: The Ship of Zion has drifted from her moorings. All around her are perishing men and women, whom she has little power to rescue while many of her crew are in dan-

ger. Here are men who have manned a life-boat and come to the rescue; but instead of throwing out the life-line to the drowning men and women all around them, they spend the precious moments in casting harsh epithets at the stately vessel that has failed to know her possibilities and her dangers. O Church of the Living God, arise, put on thy beautiful garments, and look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners.

Apart from these instances of harsh judgment on the part of a few, the Convention and the meeting that followed proved to be the greatest spiritual force that has struck the city in years; and no one has greater reasons to thank God for it than I.

December 21st. Another blessed Monday has come into my life; and I verily believe I have found a cure for blue Mondays. During the last two weeks I have had very little time to prepare elaborate sermons; and my old sermons are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals, when compared to the glorious message of salvation that now rings in my ears. Besides, much of the time I used to spend in research I now find necessary to spend in prayer and in reading **God's Word**. The result is I receive a message that seems to have a living power, hitherto unknown.

As I told my congregation of the spiritual conflict through which I had passed, and the glorious victory that God had granted me, I saw on many faces a look of longing that I had never seen before. I rejoice in the hope that I shall yet see much people in this city saved.

December 23rd. Peace still reigns within my heart—quiet, restful, joyous peace! This peace reminds me of the peace that follows a storm when we rejoice so much in the calm, that, for a moment, we forget the destruction that the storm has left. However, there soon follow busy, hopeful days of reconstruction.

I find that the Spirit of God, as a rushing mighty wind, has destroyed much in my life and work as a minister of the gospel—old principles have been cast out, old methods of work have been demolished; and now I find that there must follow a period of readjustment. I believe it will be profitable to spend a little while today reviewing the ruins that I may rebuild in wisdom and not in rashness.

First: As I have already confessed, I fear that my mind has been overburdened with the building of the new church, while the more enduring work of seeking the lost has been left undone. Besides, there are many things connected with the building

of this church that cannot be for the praise of God. There is the pride with which it is pointed out as one of the finest buildings in the city. There remains a troublesome debt on the building. Much of the money has been raised by means that private individuals would think it a disgrace to employ for themselves. Yet the name of the church, the "Bride of the Lamb," has been prostituted by such things as "voting contests," "grab-bags," trashy entertainments, etc. I have frowned on these doubtful means of raising funds; but that has not stopped them. Putting all these things together, I am convinced that we should have built a plainer church in which only clean, honest money was employed. Lord, forgive us!

I wonder if it were not lack of faith in their Lord's return that caused Christians to begin building stone churches. Or, in other words, if they had worshiped in more temporary buildings, while the teaching expressed in marble, mosaic, and stained glass had been the more practical and Christ-like lessons of feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and spreading the gospel, would not Christ's return have been hastened by their faith as manifested in such works as these?

In my pastoral work I recall a few instances

when I have really sought the lost, and visited the stranger within the gates, but generally, I fear, my visits have been mere social calls, in which I can trace very few of the footprints of my Master, who "went about doing good."

We have a large Young People's Society in which all departments of work are carried on. But I can see that I have done much surface work here. I have influenced unsaved young people to take part in the various departments, thus leading them to believe they are serving God while they have not first come to Him for salvation. Is this not trying to persuade a branch that it can bear fruit without vital connection with the Vine? Help me, my Saviour, to deal faithfully, truly, and tenderly with these young lives, and do Thou lead them to Thyself, and send them forth to whatever service in the world Thou hast for them.

I am reminded just here of superficial work in our revival meetings. The first year of my pastorate here I engaged the services of a popular evangelist. The next year I exchanged work with a brother pastor, with about the same results both years. At each meeting some joined the church, but so far as I can see their lives are unchanged.

Both years we had a special choir selected for the meeting composed of the very best musical talent

available without regard for the fact that many of these singers were absolute strangers to the gospel which they sang.

Feeling, I suppose, that it was too much to expect for people to care enough for salvation to kneel and seek it at the altar in prayer, we asked those who desired prayer to stand, kneel at their seats, or raise a hand—the proposition being made easier to suit those least inclined to make a move. Quite a number at times would accept some of these propositions. Then at the close of a service, those who wanted to lead a better life were asked to come and shake hands with the preacher, and a crowd would accept this rather vague invitation.

God forbid that I should judge any who accepted these propositions. I only know that **these methods failed**. There were, no doubt, honest hearts among those who asked for prayer, signified a desire for a better life, or sought membership in the church. Perhaps some have been disappointed that our prayers were not availing, or that there was no magic in the preacher's hands to help them into a better life, or that church membership did not help them more.

My God, teach me how to show dying men and women a living, powerful Saviour!

December 24th. I am about to record an incident

that seems, at first thought, somewhat out of place in a minister's journal; and yet it so closely concerns the young life of my church that I feel perhaps that it will not be altogether amiss. This morning five young ladies, members of the "Junior Aid," came to ask Mary's assistance in an entertainment the society has planned to give during the holidays, the proceeds of which are to go to help lift the church debt. The "Amateur Theatrical Company" has promised them the use of some of the scenery, stage fixtures, and costumes used in playing "Ben Hur." They are preparing a program of Christmas music and tableaux. They came to ask Mary to represent the Madonna in the "Adoration of the Magi." Jessie Mauldin rehearsed their plans to me when I came in, and Clara Armstrong added, mischievously, "We had not planned to have Joseph present, but your coming in just now reminded me of it; and you would make a very appropriate Joseph, with a few such appliances as a wig of flowing hair, a patriarchal beard, and an Eastern costume, all of which we are in a position to furnish. What do you say about going on the stage? You might make your mark: who knows?"

Clara is a thoughtless girl, with a keen sense of humor; and any one would easily guess that she knows more of the world's fun than she does of

its sorrows. I joined the others in a hearty laugh and said: "If Mrs. Ellwood goes on the stage, why I will have to go, too, I suppose."

After Mary's firm but gentle refusal, Rose Woodson said in a disappointed tone, "We were so anxious to have this tableaux on our program; it would add so much to our entertainment, and we do not know of any one that would suit the part better than you and little William."

Mary laughed heartily at the mention of Baby William. She said, "Why, William is asleep before eight o'clock." Then she added gravely, "My dear girls, I really am sorry to have to disappoint you, but I think every scene in the life of Christ too sacred to impersonate for amusement. Then, too, I do not believe it just right to raise funds for the church by any such methods."

"Why Mrs. Ellwood!" Jessie Mauldin answered, "this will be a strictly high-class entertainment." "Certainly," Mary said, "I could not associate you girls with anything else. Perhaps that makes it a little harder for me to define my position. You would expect me to object to a 'Donkey Party.' But even a good entertainment, when held 'for the benefit of the church,' places the church in a false light."

Jessie answered, "I am sure I love my church,

and would do anything for it. Alice and I each gave up a trip to the Exposition, and gave every cent of the money to the building fund; and now I wish so much to see the debt lifted so that we can have it dedicated. I am sure I can see no harm in having a sacred concert and some good tableaux for the purpose."

Alice Mayhew said thoughtfully, "Mrs. Ellwood, I have never thought of the matter in that light before. I believe you are right."

Clara Armstrong said, "I have helped in all sorts of enterprises for the church. I have spelled in Spelling Bees, read in Dime Readings, dressed for 'Tacky Parties'; I have eaten ice cream and oysters, and sold ice cream and oysters (two for a nickel, at that). Then I have dressed and sold rag dolls and bride dolls; in fact, I have done so much along this line that I have the name of being quite a church worker, although I must confess that I do it more for the fun that I get out of it than for any thought of the welfare of the church. I have a plan in my head now, which would furnish more fun and bring in more money than anything we have tried yet. A crowd of people would come to a Fancy Ball just because they want to; then a few would come because it is for the church."

"Do hush, Clara," Jessie Mauldin said impatiently: "that is altogether far-fetched."

"I don't know that it is," Clara answered. "We generally imitate the world in all our entertainments for the church just as closely as we dare. You know people would always prefer the genuine article to the very best imitation. I guarantee that everybody who would take part would be perfectly satisfied because they would get value received for their money in pure fun; and that would be better than buying what you do not want, or paying for something you do not get just **because it is for the church**. I would rather dance than do anything else; there are others who would rather eat; and still others, pious, intellectual sort of people, who would rather attend lectures and sacred concerts. Since it is a matter of pleasing one's self, why not have the Ball?"

After Jessie's remonstrance, no one treated Clara's remarks with any seriousness.

Josie Ames had been very enthusiastic about the concert; but while Mary was talking about the impropriety of raising money in this way for the church, she seemed very thoughtful and regretted that she had not been more self-denying.

Rose Woodson did not seem at all interested in the discussion: in fact, she became restless, and

seemed rather desirous that it should close.

As they arose to go, Mary said very lovingly: "My dear girls, Christ wants your lives more than all the money you can raise; and there is no telling the beautiful things Christ can do with a life that really belongs to Him! What do you say, Josie?" she asked, laying her hand on the young woman's shoulder.

"I believe I do belong to Him," Josie answered faintly; and I was afraid I detected in her answer the tones of one who was already beginning to follow at a distance.

Alice Mayhew said, "Mrs. Ellwood, if I had talked with you before we had the entertainment announced in the papers, I believe I should not take part in it."

Some of the others answered in rather relieved tones: "Yes, it is too late now to make any changes."

O Spirit of God, sweet and convincing, Thou only canst show these young people the lightness and vanity of these things, and lead them into lives of real service.

December 25th. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." This glorious song has been ringing in my heart today, as a matter of actual and marvelous experience.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour." I am overcome with gladness, and good will, and joy, and longing to tell the story, as I realize how the world's need is so fully and wonderfully met in the power, and love, and all-sufficiency expressed in that one word Saviour!

Since last Christmas, we have passed through deep waters. Henry, our eldest son, a merry, loving little lad, suddenly sickened and died. He was one of the brightest joys of my life, but it is not of my own grief that I am thinking. His mother was almost crushed by a sorrow that she struggled bravely to bear. She was not rebellious; but, somehow, the wound did not heal.

Last night, after the children were asleep, Mary and I were sitting alone before the fire. Two suggestive little stockings hung from the mantel. Both of us were thinking of the little boy who had gone before, but neither of us said anything for a while. Then Mary turned toward me a face that was radiant with joy, although tears stood in her eyes. She said, "Will, you know I used to dread the approach of Christmas, knowing how much we would miss Henry; but I was never happier with them all around me than I am tonight with one in heaven."

"Yes," I answered, "I was thinking of him too, thinking of him, as looking into the face of God,

seeing more of love than our earthly eyes can behold."

She clasped her hands upon my knee and said thoughtfully, "One day I was thinking of our angel boy; and I almost reproached myself, when I realized, for the first time since Henry went away, that I could joyfully say, 'Thy will be done.' Instantly a healing, restful fact came home to my heart in these words: 'Surely he hath born our griefs, and carried our sorrows.' With my own sorrow turned into joy, I find that I have entered into fellowship with the world's great Sorrow Bearer; and my heart has become tender towards all forms of human woe.

"The other day my attention was called to a family in destitute condition. I went to see them, and found among the children a little boy just about Henry's size. So I brought out all of his clothing, mending the little half-worn pieces; I packed them all in his little trunk with his toys and books. I thought at first that I would keep his Bible Story and scrap-book, but I remembered how they had pleased our little boy, and I knew they would gladden the heart of another; I have kept nothing stored away but sent all of his little belongings to gladden the heart of the little boy whose life is so bare of comforts. Don't you think,

if Henry can know about what we are doing, that it will please him?"

"I am sure of it," I answered, "and, little mother, I believe I understand a little better the wonderful announcement made by St. John: 'And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.'"

Together we thanked God for His unspeakable Gift, and praised Him for a child in heaven, and for the sweet lesson sorrow has taught.

December 30th. We had quite a large number present last evening at prayer-meeting. Tom Callahan was present, and spoke of the joy and peace that Christ has given him. I couldn't help thinking of the contrast between this Christmas, and all that are passed in the life of this redeemed man.

A glance at the papers shows that the frivolities of the season have gone on as usual here in the city. We hear of drunkenness and rioting on the part of some, while others pass the time in giddy, unmeaning social diversions. A week of forgetting of God! Poor, deluded humanity, how is it that you remember the birthday of the Christ-child, and yet keep it in a manner so different from His teaching and spirit?

CHAPTER III.

January 1st. "Behold, I make all things new." My God, I thank Thee for this new year as it lies before me unsoiled by sin, unmarred by mistakes. Its marvelous opportunities make me afraid to make resolutions; so trembling with fear of spoiling this new page, I creep up a little closer to Thee, my Father, and ask Thee daily to transform me by the renewing of my mind that I may daily "prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."

January 4th. Yesterday was a day of many mercies. At both morning and evening service I realized the presence of God. I was melted into nothingness as I administered the holy sacrament. I was never so conscious of the presence of God in any service before. "Till he come" never seemed so full of meaning.

I announced at both services yesterday that we would observe the week of prayer, beginning this evening. I have never observed it in my work before, because so few attend prayer-meeting.

I feel moved to make some pastoral calls this morning. Love of Christ, patient, sweet, unchanging, teach me to love the sheep of Thy pasture here, even the ones who are not in sympathy with the real gospel of Christ.

Later. When I left home this morning, the sun was bright and warm; and with the prayer for love and patience softening my heart, I started out on a round of calls, hoping that many might be induced to attend this call to prayer. When I returned, the sky was covered with gray, threatening clouds; and my faith likewise was dim. At first I was tempted to believe that my prayer for love had not reached the throne at all.

At every home, office, or place of business where I called, I invariably called attention to the "week of prayer"; but found that nearly all to whom I spoke had business or social engagements which they considered far more binding than any religious obligations.

I was fully depending on George Mayhew for much help during the week, but found that he had gone North to study Settlement Work and might be away all the week.

On my way home I was accosted by a friend, who made free to tell me some of the things that have been said about me recently, the chief item

being a remark from some of the leading members of my church, to the effect that if all this had occurred before I entered upon a new year's work, I should have been removed, as St. Paul's Church needed a strong man as pastor and not one that would take to fanatical teaching. Ordinarily, I should have asked the brother not to tell me these things, but I was feeling discouraged before I met him, and now I began to feel persecuted. However, I was graciously kept from saying anything harsh. By the time I reached home I was disheartened and almost blue. I know there are great souls like Phillips Brooks who would not have been disturbed by these things, but with a broad, Christ-like sympathy, would have been very patient with these fellow creatures of the dust. However, I had my lesson to learn. And it is the lesson gained that causes me to make this entry.

I stopped downstairs only long enough to tell Mary of the discouragements of the morning; and, while I seldom repeat anything like gossip, I also told her what had been said about me! She answered simply, "We can pray for them, dear." "Yes," I answered drearily, "we can pray"; but I am afraid the admission did not imply much faith. I went up to my study, closed the door, and sat down to think. At first I wondered if it were really

worth while to preach these great truths any longer to people so "blinded by the god of this world" as to have no time for a week of prayer. Amid the clamor of these bitter thoughts, it began to dawn upon me that my disappointment was due to wounded self-love more than real grief over the lost or blinded. The moment I realized this I was plunged into doubt and distress, almost equal to despair. My first impulse was to question the reality of my recent experience. I asked myself this searching question: "Have I deceived myself, or is there any such thing after all as a life of continued victory and peace?" I knew I had lived a blissful month of uninterrupted communion with God. I had told others that I had entered the Canaan of His perfect love; and yet I was conscious this morning of failure, a failure to love—sin. I hate to have to write it, but I must be honest in this humble journal. Downstairs I heard Mary singing,

"You have placed your work between us;
Come and talk with *Me* awhile."

Falling upon my knees, I groaned aloud. I did not know just how to talk to God, but I told Him that I had sinned, and asked Him to help me. After a time my heart became soft, and a peace as sweet as a mother's lullaby hushed every discord-

ant thought. My Father in heaven was about to speak to His child. It seemed that He was saying: "They are My poor, wandering, lost sheep; will you not bear with their folly and teach them patiently? Their very blindness shows their great need of Christ. 'For this purpose was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.'" I knew that the "works of the devil" included all the sins of the human family: profanity, love of worldly pleasure, love of money, church pride, political deceit, in short, all of the dwarfing, blighting, cursing effects of sin upon human lives. Jesus was manifested to destroy all these—yes, Jesus was Conqueror. As I arose from my knees, I knew that God had answered my morning prayer for love. He had given me overcoming, victorious love.

Taking from my pocket a memorandum containing a revised roll of the membership of St. Paul's Church, I read it over calmly. Fearing that many of these names have not been written in the Lamb's Book of Life, I began to realize the sadness, the disappointment, the utter hopelessness of a soul out of Christ; and a feeling of tender, yearning pity filled my heart; and I wept. Then I knelt again and in the name of Jesus I prayed for my people,

asking that I might be able so to preach the gospel that many might be saved.

"Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou has sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children, lost and lone.

"Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share."

—FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

January 8th. Thank God for the Week of Prayer. The weather continues cold and rainy and we have not had a full house at a single service. Still many of us have felt the blessedness of uniting our prayers with the prayers of Christians all around the world, as, in many climes and many languages, God's people are calling upon His name.

My heart has been cheered by the presence of Dr. Mitchell, pastor of Oak Street Presbyterian Church, and many of the members of his church at each service.

At the last service Sister Mayhew gave a blessed testimony of having entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God in this life.

Tom Callahan has applied for church member-

ship. Tomorrow I hope to receive him into full connection. Thank God!

January 13th. Last evening I went down to Howard Street to a prayer-meeting that Tom Callahan has organized. He has rented an old, unused warehouse, and fitted it up with seats and lights. There was a large number present: for Tom's conversion has created a sensation among his many acquaintances. True to his word, he emptied the entire contents of his bar-room and opened up a grocery store at his old stand, where his customers, great and small, hear the story of his conversion.

The prayer-meeting is held in a community of workingmen—carpenters, mechanics, etc. A few of these people are members of some church, but by far the majority of them hold the church in open contempt. Many are Socialists. Before his conversion Tom Callahan was an active member of this organization. Now he is trying to show his former associates a "more excellent way"—even a Brotherhood, made possible and cemented by the love of Christ.

January 19th. George Mayhew called last night and had a little talk about his life-work as a Christian. He said: "During the Convention of the Eleventh Hour Laborers, I consecrated myself and all that I possess unconditionally and

for all time to belong to God alone, resolving to sell my mill stock, and resign my position as president of the May Flower Mill. Then I proposed to offer myself as a missionary to some foreign field and invest all that I had in missions. But as I was seeking guidance from God in choosing a field, I was startled by this question: 'Are you willing to labor on where you are, giving yourself to the task of helping the people who run the mill, by giving them better homes, and better opportunities for physical, intellectual, and spiritual development?' Just at that moment, the dangers and difficulties of the very darkest heathen land seemed easy and inviting when compared with the task of mill reform! But the question had to be settled; and until it was my peace with God was disturbed, and finally lost. Then relying solely upon God for help and guidance I said, 'Yes,' and again, sweet and deep peace reigned within my heart."

It was this decision that caused him to go North to study Settlement Work. He is going to submit plans for mill improvement before the next meeting of the stockholders.

January 20th. This has been a busy week: visiting the sick, meeting the official board, and arranging the details of the church work for another year.

I feel that a day of quiet waiting upon God with fasting is just what I need.

Andrew Murray says, "Prayer is the reaching out after God and the unseen; fasting is the letting go of all that is seen and temporal. While ordinary Christians imagine that all that is not forbidden and sinful is lawful to them, and seek to retain as much as possible of this world, with its property, its literature, its enjoyments, the truly consecrated soul is as the soldier, who carries only what he needs for the warfare. Laying aside every weight, as well as the easily besetting sin, afraid of entangling himself with the affairs of this life, he seeks to lead a Nazarite life as one specially set apart for the Lord and His service. Without such voluntary separation even from what is lawful, no one will attain power in prayer: 'This kind goeth not out but by fasting and prayer.'"

I believe that fasting used to be more generally observed in our church than now. Does that account for the fact that the church has lost much of her old-time power?

I recall today a Friday, years ago. A saintly minister was at our home. He fasted until the evening meal, and spent the greater part of the day in his room. I shall never forget the childish awe I felt whenever I passed his door; for, once

I had heard his voice in semi-audible tones, as he talked with God. At family prayer he made special requests for the widow and her little son William. When he "opened the doors of the church" the next Sunday, something in his loving exhortation, something in the hymn, or something I can't define, melted my childish heart and filled it with a longing desire to be good. After whispering to mother for permission, I slipped down from the seat, and walking up to the altar, I gave the great tall man my hand. In a few months I assumed the vows of the church, without understanding their meaning.

This old saint died a few years after this, but he still lives enshrined in my memory, the spiritual hero of my childish thought. I believe the church suffers today because there is a decrease in this downright, aggressive personal godliness.

I soon found to my disappointment that joining the church had not made me good. The step was taken in all sincerity and earnestness, yet when I came under different influences, I realized that I was just as bad as ever. Many a time I wept and tried to pray at the altar during protracted meetings; and sometimes, when alone in some quiet place, or when reading the Bible with mother on Sunday afternoons, I have felt the same deep hunger after righteousness. Still, I was not satisfied.

However I thank God that those strong desires for salvation never left me, until at the age of twenty I really found Christ as my Saviour.

Perhaps mother did not dream of the spiritual conflicts of her child. In fact, I believe that her own experience was not one of undoubted assurance at that time. She was unwaveringly faithful in the discharge of all religious duties, but still she was often care-worn and anxious. Perhaps it was the care of my bringing up; or the unfilled vacancy left in her heart by father's death. The oversight of the farm work was very trying during those unsettled reconstruction days. But I thank God her tired, overburdened heart found rest in Christ during the last years of her life; and she fell asleep in Jesus with a joyous assurance of eternal life. Precious mother, friend of my childhood, and counsellor of my manhood, I cherish, as a precious inheritance, the patient, unchanging love that pointed out safe paths for the feet of your child.

January 23rd. Christian perfection! Perhaps no term has ever been more abused and misunderstood both by its friends and its enemies than this one. Why? Is it not Scriptural? Christ says, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

St. Paul says, "Leaving the principles of the doctrines of Christ, let us go on unto perfection."

St. John says, "Perfect love casteth out fear. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

Did Christ and His apostles speak of an experience impossible to fallen man? The perfection of excellence in human character, resulting from personal efforts and moral development? Far from it: on the other hand, all their teaching and the experience of thousands, confirm that it is a perfection of weakness, a perfection of depravity, a perfection of emptiness of the "poor in spirit," a perfection of hunger and thirst after righteousness, driving the soul to Christ, with the confession: "In me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing." This is the human side of Christian perfection. But the Divine side, oh! how can I tell it? It is the Father's tender, pitiful love, stooping to lift up the weak; it is the Saviour's dying love, cleansing with the Blood of Calvary; it is the love of the blessed Comforter, as He comes into the empty, hungry heart, and fills it "with all the fulness of God." Then we realize "that the righteousness of the law may be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

CHAPTER IV.

January 28th. I have noted two strangers attending services at St. Paul's Church quite regularly since Christmas. Upon inquiry, I found them to be a Mrs. Anderson and her daughter, both employed in the City Hospital as matron and nurse. Mary and I called last week, but failed to see them. Mary has a decided talent for finding broken hearts and learning people's sorrows; yet she is far from prying into closets to see their skeletons. It seems that the love in her heart must give her eye a peculiar sharpness in detecting any kind of trouble in the expression of one's face; and the sympathy in her face, and the tenderness of her manner, somehow win the confidence of those who are "acquainted with grief," even if they are strangers. She found out when she could find Mrs. Anderson and Miss Lillian off duty, and called again. They told her their sad history.

Some years ago they were a wealthy, ungodly family living in what the deluded world calls pleasure. The father of the family died a tragic death.

The oldest son killed a man in a drunken riot. After spending five years in the penitentiary he came home and died in a few months. Thus sorrows multiplied, and tragedy followed tragedy. Reduced to penury, and broken-hearted, mother and daughter began, in a despairing way, to seek help from God. They both joined the church and have given up all worldly living. "Yet," Mary says, "they seem like two refugees who have not learned the absolute safety of their place of refuge. Their service seems to be a form of penance, and brings no real joy, because they have not learned the love of God."

January 29th. I have just learned that poor Henry Walton is raving with delirium tremens. He has been drinking heavily ever since Christmas. My Saviour, do undertake for this man; and help me to

"Throw out the Life-line to danger-fraught men,
Sinking in anguish *where I've never been.*"

I feel this morning that I must win this man for Christ. "With God all things are possible." This is the first time in my life that I have ever planned to visit a home where I knew there was drunkenness, thinking that it was not a fit place

for a minister to visit. Perhaps I have missed opportunities of service. May God forgive me!

Later.—Thank God that I went. The poor fellow is in a desperate fix, and his wife ready to sink under the severe nervous strain of the past month. When I left, I told her that I would come back to-night and watch beside Henry, while she gets a little rest. She looked at me in astonishment, and said, "What! a minister sit by the bed of a drunken man? No, I hardly think that would suit." I answered, "A minister is Christ's servant; and I will take care of him if you will let me." She looked at me in a relieved sort of way, and then she buried her face in her hands and wept.

January 30th. My patient became quiet after twelve o'clock last night, but he is still in a pitiful plight. What havoc sin has wrought in the life of this man! Willpower all gone, nerves shattered, a once handsome face marred and ugly, a kindly heart brutalized—in short, the wreck of a man, created in God's own image. The arch-fiend must look upon such a scene with Satanic satisfaction. Still the Son of God has power to take that wreck and make a man again!

One of God's Business Men.

February 5th. George Mayhew came in this

morning to ask me to conduct the noon prayer-meeting at the May Flower Mill today.

While he was here, I asked him about his improvement. He said: "When I told my plans to the board of directors they opposed them so bitterly, that I called a meeting of the stockholders. I found that the majority of the stockholders were of the same opinion. They all cared less for the rights, comfort, and welfare of the operatives than for the care and protection of the machinery. The intricate, time-saving machinery is expensive; but there is always a supply of common mill-hands; what does it matter that they are human beings, with minds, affections, and souls? Oh, let me meet the wild beasts of an African jungle, rather than encounter the wild beasts of human selfishness and greed!

"I was in a trying position. For, although I owned a controlling interest in the mill, still I did not feel the liberty to act contrary to the wishes of the other stockholders. However, I knew that I must go forward; so I stood firm, knowing that God would help me out of the difficulty. I issued circular letters to each of the stockholders, stating my intentions of carrying out the measures that I had laid before them, at the same time offering to buy the stock of any who wished to withdraw."

"If every workshop held a workman like Him who worked in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, the labor problem, and all other problems, would be solved."—Drummond.

February 6th. For some time, I have written of the affairs and experiences of others and have made very little reference to my own inner life. This morning I will record some things that I have been learning during these weeks.

I have heard people speak of this Canaan experience as being one continued blaze of glory. They have known nothing since their entrance into it but peace, joy, and victory. I must admit that this has not been my actual experience at all times. When I first realized that little pin pricks still had the power to annoy me, I was tempted to doubt the genuineness of my experience. I hate to record it, having such a wonderful Saviour; but I have been ingloriously defeated, yes I **have sinned**. Yet, does this prove that this larger, deeper experience is a delusion? No, I am fully conscious that there has been an unquestioned, radical change in my spiritual life; and while I know that I am not saved beyond the reach of temptation, or the possibility of sinning, still I thank God that "the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

In studying the history of Israel, we find that some of the fiercest battles were fought, and the mightiest victories won on Canaan's soil. And yet the Scripture does not fail to record the fact that there were failures. Am I excusing my failures? God forbid. For, while I deplore them, still I humbly thank God that they do not prove that I have not crossed into Canaan. Having settled this point, I want to study out the cause of defeat. One thing I have learned. **Satan is a vigilant foe**, and has many wiles. One of his most successful plans has been to make it appear that some other duties are more important and pressing than "With open face beholding as in a glass, the glory of the Lord," that we may be changed into the same image.

In fact, I can trace the beginning of almost every defeat back to a hurried season of prayer, and pre-occupied Bible reading. My God, keep me "watchful unto prayer," teach me the necessity, as well as the sweetness and power of **abiding in Thee**. I thank Thee this morning for victory through Christ.

**"The Exceeding Greatness of His Power
to Usward."**

"When God wishes anew to teach His Church a truth, that is not being understood or practiced,

He mostly does so, by raising some man to be, in word and deed, a living witness to its blessedness."

—Andrew Murray.

February 9th. Learning that Dr. Heath was to pass through the City this week, I invited him to stop over, and preach for us. He will be here this evening and will probably preach for us twice tomorrow. I am glad of this; for I long for a closer acquaintance with this man, who has such power with God and man.

February 11th. Dr. Heath left us this morning. I thank God for this closer view that I have had of this man of God. I prize his friendship and rejoice that his life has touched mine. He is a man of deep culture, penetrating intellect, and broad sympathy. Yet the secret of his power, I know, lies in the fact of his perfectly poised, God-rested life, resulting from the Spirit's indwelling.

I heard him yesterday preach three sermons of wonderful depth and power.

But perhaps it was in a conversation when we were alone in my study that I came to a better understanding of this man's experience in the things of God.

We were talking about the affairs of the kingdom, when he said: "I am persuaded, Brother, that the great cause of the spiritual decline in the

church is this: The preachers need to get a vision of the living Christ, and to hear again the bountiful provision of the great commission: 'All power is given me in heaven and on earth; and, lo, I am with you always.' This promise, and the all-conquering power that His presence brings, will not be withdrawn until the commission is repealed. This poor old world needs, greatly needs, all of the gracious manifestations of Pentecost repeated today. It needs men and women whose very beings are permeated with God. I am afraid that many of the preachers today are forgetful of their high calling. Yes, I am sure that the greatest need of the church is a Spirit-filled ministry."

"Yes, Brother," I answered, "it is; but why did you leave her?"

He answered me slowly, as if weighing his words. "I did not leave the church, Brother; I was thrust out. But that is a long story, and one that I seldom relate. The first years of my work as a minister of the gospel were weary years of fruitless toil. My preparation for the ministry had been a thorough theological training, while my knowledge of experimental salvation was meagre indeed. But there came an awakening. I saw this was not God's will for me, that nowhere in His Word did he ever hint that the promises of Pentecost

should ever be withdrawn. I can hardly tell you what this discovery meant to me. My early training, the accepted teachings of my church, all agreed that we must not expect any special manifestations of God's power today, as 'the age of miracles is past.'

"Oh, the barrenness of those years; when I was struggling along, depending upon my own faithfulness and my benighted reason to accomplish God's work. After weary months of heart-hunger and waiting upon God, I was enabled by the Holy Spirit to suffer the loss of all things, and to receive Christ as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.

"I was pastor of a large, wealthy church in a growing city. I had been pastor of this church for several years; and my family and I had become a part of its select social life. When I began to preach the great truths of redemption as I had experienced them, some of my people were hungry for them, and accepted them eagerly; others were indifferent, and treated the matter with good-natured indifference, thinking their pastor was a little 'off'; while still others, perhaps the most influential members of the church, were positively indignant; especially when the uplifted Christ began to draw to the services some unsightly people who had

made shipwreck upon life's social sea, and whose sins were more evident to the senses than those of the proud officials of Elmwood Avenue Church. These people were not welcome. I was notified that Elmwood Avenue had always been recognized as having one of the most cultured and conservative congregations of any church in the city; and that such proceedings as had been allowed of late must not be repeated. They also said that the doctrines that I had preached of late were not the accepted teachings of our church.

"I replied that I was God's messenger to a lost world, and that I must obey God rather than man. During the next few weeks many found Christ as their all in all. I did not feel that my reputation as a minister of the church was too dear a price to pay for the blessed fruit of those last days that I was allowed to preach Christ to that starving congregation.

"In a short time I received a letter signed by the majority of the officials, and some other influential members of the Elmwood Avenue Church, asking me to appear before a committee, composed of the leading ministers and laymen of their denomination in the State, and to answer to the charge of heresy. I will not tire you by relating the discussions of the committee—will only say that they suspended

me from the ministry until I should retract some utterances I had made concerning the extent and power of Christ's redemption. I answered that I could not refuse any grace or gift that God should graciously bestow upon me; and that I could not retract anything that I had said until God Himself should show me that I was in error.

"I walked home from this trial in deep thought, trying to realize just what my position was. I was thrust out of the ministry by a body of the most influential men of the denomination in the State. To appeal to a higher tribunal would very likely be to have their verdict sustained. My heart sickened at the bare thought of another church trial.

"Moreover, this command kept ringing in my ears: 'Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind. Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.'

"Being strongly moved of God, I found my way to a street that was always crowded with a throng of human beings, many of whom had no home but the street. I knew that I was not trespassing upon any ecclesiastical rights when I opened my Bible there, and taught the multitude the way of life.

"Many of those who were saved had no church

home, while some were members of churches, where they received no spiritual food. The number increased daily; and God began to call some of them out to work in the slums of the city, and others into the foreign field. Finally, it became necessary to organize; and we became a body known as 'The Eleventh Hour Laborers.'

"This is the actual account of my leaving the church, and laboring with no credentials, except the seal of **God** upon my labors."

"Thank you," I answered, "I believe I can appreciate your work better, after knowing just what you have suffered in order to do it; but still, I cannot help coveting you and your work for the church. If you had waited in prayer, and made an appeal to the General Assembly of your church, do you not believe that you would have been sustained?"

"I cannot say that I do. Our churches are not controlled today by men filled with the Holy Spirit. Learning and eloquence are deemed more necessary qualifications than the gifts and graces of the Spirit. This is a sad fact, but nevertheless it is a **fact** that we are obliged to admit."

"And yet," I answered, "how can it ever be remedied, if the strongest, most spiritual, and God-devoted men of her ministry and membership leave

her to do work independent of her jurisdiction?"

"This is not always necessary," he said. "I find many strong, pure, holy men in the various churches, doing noble, loyal service to the Master unmolested. Different congregations treat Bible truth differently. My congregation, as a whole, was not ready for God's message. My church would not sustain me in the work to which God had called me. I was thus obliged to work independently; for I could not retract a single jot from the blessed gospel that God had graciously given me for a lost world. The hand of God was upon me, and His message burning in my heart. No human being, nor company of human beings, had the authority to say, 'You must not preach the truth of God.'

"Perhaps, Brother, we do not see eye to eye in this matter. But God has a work suited to each one of His servants; and, while He sent me out into the highways and hedges, He may say to you, 'Go stand in the temple, and speak to the people all the words of this life.' In any case, it is God's call we must obey. We must cultivate an ear for His voice, whether heard through human instrumentality, or whether He speaks direct to the heart, and leads to paths as yet untrod by foot of man." My heart still utters a fervent "Amen."

"The mercy of God is an ocean divine,
A boundless and fathomless flood;
Launch out in the deep, cut away the shore line,
And be lost in the fulness of God.

"Oh, let us launch out on this ocean so broad,
Where the floods of salvation o'erflow;
Oh, let us be lost in the mercy of God,
Till the depths of His fulness we know."

—A. B. SIMPSON.

CHAPTER V.

February 12th. Who, on entering the Mayhew home, would ever dream of its concealing a closet skeleton? Who, that knows only George and Alice, would think for a moment that there belongs to the same family a boy who never comes home? I never heard his name mentioned by the family until today. George told me the story of his wandering life. "Frank was the only one of us that ever seemed to feel the restraint of the home rules. He always wanted forbidden pleasures. After finishing a course in history and literature, he became a journalist. He was very successful in his chosen work, and soon commanded a large salary. He traveled most of his time; and in a few years after leaving home he had become a reckless, dissipated man, with little taste for the society of home.

"In gambling it seemed that he always played a losing game; and one night he overdrew his bank account for a considerable sum. Of course this brought him into open disgrace. Mother was broken-hearted, not over the loss of the money; for, if she had known him to be a successful gam-

bler, it would have been just the same. What she had only feared before was brought home to her as an awful fact, and the undoubted knowledge of her son's degradation nearly killed her.

"He was engaged at the time to be married to a wealthy society woman, who had, no doubt, helped to make him a gambler; but when his financial ruin and disgrace became known, she concluded that her fortune would not be safe in his hands, so she dismissed Frank and was soon married to another. Of course, no one blames a woman for not marrying a drunkard and gambler; still, I can't help feeling that it might have had a different effect upon him if she had considered his spoiled character and squandered talents instead of regretting only his wrecked financial condition.

"After this, he began to drink more and sank rapidly. Father reproved him sternly and told him he must leave home until his conduct and character were improved. To father he had soiled an honorable name and become the 'black sheep' of the family; but to mother her boy had sinned, and become the 'lost sheep' of the parable."

February 13th. Today I had an account of the wandering boy from his mother. She was talking about some lessons she had learned in the school of prayer. "Years ago," she said, "I became con-

cerned about Frank, and began to pray for him to be kept from a life of sin. I was a Christian, but the cares and pleasures of this life had crept into my heart, and my approach to God with a definite request was not easy. Yet my Heavenly Father did not turn His face from me although I was seeking Him from a selfish desire for my child's salvation. I had many lessons to learn, and He has taught me so patiently. Oh, the love of it! He seemed to say, as He held the coveted gift in His hand: 'My child, you are too far off! Come closer to Me, and learn of My love.' I tried to draw nearer, especially at times when I realized my son's danger. Still I was very slothful.

"The answer to my prayer was delayed, and I became more deeply in earnest. Useless occupations and frivolous waste of time were dropped out of my life, or suspended, I thought, until Frank should be saved. Until then, I had no heart for them. When the awful fact that he was a confirmed drunkard and gambler became known to me, at first I was dazed; then I was heart-broken.

"I had been a proud woman—proud of the piety and Christian culture of my forefathers, and I despised the low moral standards of society, regarding gambling and drinking as a sort of moral leprosy. It was a humiliating thought that came home to my

broken heart, that my child was one of the despised class—a common gambler and drunkard. I had prayed earnestly for him to be kept from these things. Now my heart underwent a change. I could not make friends with these sins, although the sinner was my own beloved son. But I began to understand how God can pardon the sinner. The solution is all to be found in the Father's love.

"This marked a new epoch in my lessons on prayer. Before this, I was vaguely asking God to keep him from sin—blindly hoping that he might not become 'like other men.' Now I realized that he was a sinner, and I began to pray God to have mercy upon him and save him.

"Sometimes, after searching my Bible for encouragement in prayer, I would pray with such assurance, it would seem that he must be already saved, and would be home soon. But he did not come! Then there would follow seasons of such intense anxiety and longing that I could hardly bear up. I would see Frank in every sin-blighted form that passed my door.

"Well, the weary days made months, and these sad months grew into fruitless years; still Frank did not come home saved. Yet I could not give him up, but sought the Lord more earnestly. I had other lessons to learn.

"One day I met Lloyd Chalmers, one of Frank's old friends. I had not seen him in years. In fact, I had little desire to see him as I looked upon him as the one who had first taught my boy the ways of sin. He asked particularly about Frank, regretting that he had not heard from him in so long. Something in his look—a half sad, unsatisfied, reckless, disappointed look, touched me almost to tears. Instead of harsh judgment, I pitied him in my heart. I said to myself, as he went on his way, 'You, a Christian woman, have been praying for your boy for years, with a sort of grudge in your heart against this poor fellow, who has no mother to pray for him; yet he is as dear to the heart of God as your son. No wonder your prayers have been hindered.' After this, I no longer prayed for Frank alone. Many a night when oppressed with a sense of his degradation and danger in those dens of vice, my heart has gone out to all such deluded, sin-chained lives, from the victims of the gilded Monte Carlo to the most abandoned opium-crazed gambler in the lowest Chinese dive. I have learned to pity and to pray for them all.

"Another lesson that I have been so slow to learn is this: to **believe God** with a settled purpose without regarding my feelings or even my faith; but when all appearances seem against my child's sal-

vation, and I feel weak and discouraged, just to look to God in deep submission and say, 'The things which are impossible with men **are possible with God.**'

"Now, I haven't learned any of these lessons perfectly, but I do believe they are God's teaching, and that I am in His school learning them. I do not believe that it was God's will for Frank to fall into sin as he has. I believe it was due to my own lack of spiritual power and the low spiritual condition of the church. 'While men slept, the **enemy** sowed tares.'

"Through all these years of weariness and trouble I have heard the voice of God calling me to a life of union with my Saviour, through the entire consecration of myself to Him. I longed for the peace and rest of this life, yet shrank from the sacrifice. But recently I was made willing in the day of God's power, and He revealed Himself in so much love and tenderness to my heart that the sweet old invitation of rest from my Master seemed to soothe and quiet every anxious fear. It seemed that the strong almighty Saviour, in a tone sweeter than anything I had ever heard, was saying: 'My child, bring all of that burden that has so long and so cruelly pressed upon your weary shoulders, and lay it upon One Divinely Strong; bring that sorrow

that breaks your heart, that problem that perplexes you—yes, bring them all, and unload in this place of security, and rest. Then, when you have become rested in My presence, bow your neck for My yoke and learn of Me—then go with Me, seeking the lost. I will carry your burden, bear your sorrow, and solve life's problems for you.' So I leave in His wounded hands my wandering, sinful child, with all the rest of life's burdens, and truly His rest is glorious. I believe I shall yet see him saved."

I believe she will.

CHAPTER VI.

February 14th. My mind revolves around one theme: a revival in my congregation. At every service I make it a point to press personal, present salvation from sin, and some seem to be interested. Yet, I see the need of appointing a time when people will be offered a special opportunity to seek God.

I thank God, that, when it pleased Him to show me a glimpse of His Son, the sight was so glorious, so wonderful, so enlarging, that since then my field of labor lies in every hungry human heart that I can reach with the Bread of Life.

And yet, I feel a deep, loving, compelling interest in the special work that God has committed to my oversight. This morning I am oppressed with a peculiar sense of my people's sins, and their need of a Saviour.

I will note a few of the immediate causes of my apprehensions.

I read in this morning's paper where one of my stewards, cashier of the First National Bank, has

"skipped," leaving a considerable shortage at the bank.

I see in the same paper that poor Lloyd Chalmers has been released from the lockup by a kind-hearted relative paying his fine.

Henry Walton is drinking again.

It is commonly reported that there is serious domestic trouble in Dr. Rigsley's family. Without paying attention to the conflicting reports of gossiping tongues, I know that sin is the cause of the trouble here as elsewhere; and I wonder if the rags of poverty cover so many broken hearts as the trappings of selfishly applied wealth!

The Belle Vue is in the midst of a season of unusual gaiety and splendor. Quite a number of wealthy, thoughtless, aimless tourists are wintering there. A magnificent Valentine Ball is on hand for tonight. Many of our young people will there be exposed to sin, in one of its most alluring and dangerous forms.

I have been told that Rose Woodson and some other girls returned home one night recently from a card party at Mrs. Mauldin's, in a state of intoxication. Of course Mrs. Mauldin did not serve a sufficient amount of wine to intoxicate her guests; so these girls must have been served elsewhere!

Mrs. Mauldin is one of the most active members

of St. Paul's Church. Rose Woodson, daughter of Prof. Woodson, is also a member and is organist. Though very young, she is said to be one of the most brilliant performers on the pipe organ in the city. It seems to me a downright crime to be in the very slightest degree responsible for the dangerous plight of these inexperienced, and perhaps, thoughtless young girls.

Instead of a feeling of harsh criticism or severe judgment upon these misguided people, I feel a solemn responsibility, as one to whom a dispensation of the gospel has been committed.

Besides the anxiety, which the foregoing circumstances cause, there are other things not so easily seen that show our urgent need for a revival.

Alice Mayhew was deeply convinced by Dr. Heath's preaching during his recent visit. I had hoped that she would soon enter a deeper and richer experience; but from some cause she seems to be holding back from an entire consecration.

Then I have felt a deep concern for Josie Ames; for her spiritual life really seems to be in danger. When I first knew her, four years ago, she had just been converted, and her testimony was always clear and unhesitating. She was with her father, who was an evangelist, as soloist and altar worker, and seemed so happy, and devoted to her work. Two

years ago her father died; and she and her mother came to live in the city.

As time has passed, she has yielded to other influences. Possessing unusual personal charms, and a musical talent, amounting almost to genius, with a powerful, but sweet voice, she occupies a position fraught with peculiar danger to the deeper spirituality of her nature.

Of late, I hear her name frequently coupled with that of L'Roi Mayhew, a nephew of the Judge. This would be regarded as a brilliant match; and yet, I fear that this subtle intellectualism will lead Josie away from the simplicity of the gospel.

I have viewed the situation in my church and I repeat that we need a revival. The next point is how may it be brought about?

A true revival is undoubtedly the work of the Holy Spirit; and I believe He will work in answer to prayer—earnest, persevering, prevailing prayer; public, united prayer, as well as secret, private prayer. By public, united prayer I do not mean formal stated occasions where, for several nights previous to the meeting, aimless, indefinite petitions are offered by a mixed company without expecting any answer. No; by public, united prayer I mean “two or three,” or more, who have fulfilled the conditions, and meet together in Jesus’ name,

and offer prayers that He is bound by His Word to answer. I am persuaded that prayer must sometimes be accompanied by fasting.

Mary and I "agreed together" two months ago to pray daily for the salvation of the lost of the city. We have done this; and now I have decided to ask those of my congregation who are burdened for lost souls, to meet in my study next Friday and spend the day in prayer and fasting. I will make the announcement tonight at prayer-meeting.

February 16th. I have just returned from our all-day prayer-meeting. There were only a few present; and yet it was a time of great blessing; for had He not promised, "There am I in the midst of them"?

I asked the little company who met this morning to unite into a permanent band of prayer, agreeing to pray daily for the salvation of the lost, and to meet once a week to spend an hour or more in united prayer. This proposition met with a unanimous consent. We read Christ's promise and agreed together, believing that "it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

I came home with the assurance of victory.

February 17th. This morning, on awakening, the tempter presented the following discouragements to my mind: "You don't feel the assurance

this morning that you did on yesterday. Perhaps that was not faith, anyway, but only enthusiasm; for you did not take account of all the difficulties in the way of holding a meeting in St. Paul's Church.

"Dr. Watson will oppose you in securing any evangelist of real power. Professor Woodson already regards you as a fanatic, and your new experience and teaching as a breath of heresy. These men have influence among thoughtful people.

"Another thing, Dr. Heath has preached a number of times in the city. If men failed to give heed to such a preacher as Dr. Heath, they will hardly listen to you, or anyone you secure." These arguments sounded very plausible, and the difficulties very real. Still, "I encouraged myself in the Lord," believing that "it is not by power, nor by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

After praying for guidance in the matter, I have just written to Dr. Willson, asking him to hold a meeting in St. Paul's Church at the earliest date that he can arrange. Dr. Willson is an evangelist who has been eminently used of God; and I believe his services will be a blessing to the church and to the city.

February 23rd. I received a letter today from Dr. Willson, promising to give us two weeks beginning the tenth of March. "I thank God, and take courage."

February 24th. I called on Dr. Watson today, and told him of the meeting that had been planned, and of Dr. Willson's promised help. He said that it was a meeting of my own appointment, and that I would be responsible for the wild-fire that would inevitably follow the preaching of these fanatical evangelists. I told him I had prayerfully considered the matter, and I could not help believing it was a meeting of God's appointment.

"Well," he said, "I hope it is; but as I knew nothing of your plans, I have made arrangements to spend a part of the month of March in the Land of Flowers. I cannot say that I can hope for much good from your meeting: all that I see, judging from what I have observed in the past, is a division in the church."

I answered slowly, as I took my leave, "A division is sometimes the work of Christ" (Luke 12:51).

February 28th. Last night I beheld a grief that was the most poignant, the most bitter of any that I have ever witnessed. When I try to bring it home to my own heart, my imagination hides her

face, and shuddering, positively refuses to act.

Professor Woodson called at a late hour. When I answered his ring at the door, he met me as though nothing were wrong; but, when he entered my study, the stronger light showed that he was pale and haggard. He sank into a chair near the library table, and resting an elbow on the table he shaded his face with his hand. I asked in an alarmed tone if he were ill. "No," he answered wearily, "at least, my body is not ill, unless it be from sympathy with a distracted, weary mind." I drew up a chair, and sat close beside him in silence for a while; then I asked anxiously if I could do anything for him. He answered sadly, "If you could roll back the flight of years, and give me back my child, my Rose, in her innocence and childish joy, you would make me inexpressibly happy." "Is Rose dead?" I asked in a bewildered way. "Dead?" he replied, "yes, dead to purity and modesty, which are the charms of womanhood. It seems to me that I could bear to see her in her coffin, if she were shrouded in the white robes of innocence; for then, I could shed tears, and find a solace, a balm for the wound—a hope. But to see her eyes red and swollen from a drunken sleep, and have my child become coarse and unwomanly—I tell you some things are worse than death!"

Each word was uttered in a tense, painful manner, as though it were carrying from his inner being a part of his vital organism, in fact, his very heart, piece by piece. He arose and walked the floor. I prayed very earnestly for some words of real helpfulness. After a few moments' silence, I asked him to sit down and let us seek God's comfort.

He stopped abruptly, and turning, fixed on me a look that I can never forget, a look full of grief and despair, mingled with repugnance, and said almost fiercely, "Comfort? Where can I find comfort in a sorrow like this? I tell you I can see nothing but despair and disgrace!"

Then he sat down, and continued in a different tone: "I cannot understand it. I tried to surround her with everything beautiful and ennobling in literature, music and art. I felt that I had a right to expect that she would inherit the noble traits of character of a long line of blameless, honorable ancestors, and develop into a noble, if not a perfect womanhood. Mr. Emerson says, 'It takes seven generations of right living to produce a perfect life'; but what is the use of all this talk! 'Love's labor is lost,' and all my dearest hopes are blighted. Oh, my friend, if you know of any comfort for me, do say on."

I answered, "There is no doubt truth in what Mr.

Emerson says, but 'seven generations of right living' is a hard saying. Who is to judge as to what right living means; and how is it handed down? I prefer the blessed provision shown in the decalogue, 'Showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.' I have no doubt that Rose has inherited many noble traits of character from her ancestors, but she has also inherited a sinful nature, and she has been overcome by some strong temptation. But, my brother, we have many instances of broken, blighted, soiled lives being taken by the Sinless One and washed and restored to beauty and usefulness."

"That all sounds hopeful and beautiful; but still the humiliation, the disgrace remains," was his answer.

Professor Woodson has spent his life in the realm of thought and philosophical speculation. He is perfectly at home among the masterpieces of literature and art; but he knows very little of the actual everyday needs of humanity. He has never soiled his hands, so to speak, by actual contact with the world's sin; therefore, he has not fully realized the need, nor understood the mission, of the world's Saviour.

The thought of a redeemed soul, a reclaimed

character could not overbalance the lost social position.

This unspeakably sad circumstance has suggested this question to my mind: "Why is it that so many good people have bad children?" The law of cause and effect must reign in the moral and spiritual world, just as truly as in the natural world.

As I try to put together all that I have noticed in the home of the Woodsons, my impression of Mrs. Woodson is this—a woman of the world, refined, cultured, gentle; but certainly not spiritually minded. Professor Woodson, as has already been noted, is refined in taste and character—a man of broad culture and high ideals. Moreover, I believe, he truly loves the Christ of the Gospels. Yet the demands of discipleship—self-denial and cross-bearing, are hardly recognized in his life. He is very "broad" in his views, and allows many of what were termed "worldly amusements" in my Puritan bringing up. He has not restricted Rose. Cards and wine, plays and operas, that appeal to the lowest instincts, have all had their influence upon the life of this unfortunate child of fortune. Her immediate home surroundings, although æsthetic and classical to a high degree, are still of the earth, earthy. The solemn words as true as any law of nature are toiling

out their warning from the wreck of many a wasted life: "He that soweth to the **flesh** shall of the **flesh** reap **corruption**." We always reap more than we sow, and corruption has a variety of fruitage.

Yet, on the other hand, although our children are born in sin; although the world is full of allurements and pitfalls; although the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour; yet, thank God! it is possible, in the lives of our children to "sow to the Spirit, and of the Spirit to reap life everlasting." This is not a mere sentiment. I rest my faith in this matter on the Word of God; and so firmly am I fixed in this belief, that I am persuaded that, if I live in unconditional surrender to God, and in humble obedience to His commands, I can claim the salvation of my children, even though my father had been an untaught heathen, and my wife were an unbeliever. Yet it involves a solemn covenant, and requires that I give my children to God as Abraham gave Isaac on Mt. Moriah. They must be His in death, if He claims them: His in life, for any calling, however humble; any suffering, needed for their discipline; any service to which He may call them, even though it may involve separation, danger, and toil. Then I must teach them the deep binding truths of the gospel, faithfully and to the very best

of my knowledge. This is my part of the covenant, to which I believe I may add that my heart must be enlarged with Christ's love to take in all classes and conditions of needy humanity, else my prayers may be hindered.

On God's side, He promises to keep that which I have committed unto Him, and to give His Holy Spirit to guide them into all truth. Then, when they come to years of accountability, I believe they will ratify my covenant, and become God's children by an act of their own will. This attitude on the part of the parent makes infant baptism a real thing. This is not at all times easy to the flesh, but yet it is most blessed.

March 6th. We worshiped yesterday in the new church for the first time. A program of beautiful music had been prepared by the choir. Josie Ames never sang more sweetly. She loves to sing as any wild bird of the forest; and when her rich powerful voice is blended with the deep vibrating voice of L'Roi Mayhew, the melody seems as near perfect as earth's music can ever be. During the Lord's Supper they sang, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in low, soft tones.

As the beautiful words floated down from the choir loft:

"E'en though it be a *cross*,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee."

I could not help thinking, "Sweet singers, have you ever borne 'a cross'; are you conscious of the meaning of the words that rise in such matchless melody from your throats?" For a brief instant it seemed almost cruel to associate a cross with the joy and gladness of youth. Then I thought of Him whose sacred life had been poured out from the cruel cross; and remembered the glory that followed, and I prayed in my heart: "O Saviour of men, who hast, by Thy death, consecrated forever 'the way of the cross,' give them grace to follow Thee, and, in very deed, teach them, prepare them to show forth the Lord's death till He come."

I had prayed much for God's message, which I believe He graciously gave me from these two texts: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in" (Psalm 24:9).

"Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in, and sup with him, and he with me" (Rev. 3:20).

March 7th. "Rejoice with them that do rejoice,

and weep with them that weep." Perhaps I have never been brought into such close touch with the sweetest of earth's joy and the bitterest of her woe in any one day of my life as I have today.

Early this morning George Mayhew came in to say "Goodby!" He is off to bring home his bride. As he has studied Settlement Work with Miriam Heath, he has learned to love this most lovely woman, and in return has won the priceless gift of her love. Henceforth, they labor side by side.

Just as George left, the postman handed me a letter from Professor Woodson. I was horrified and grieved almost beyond expression at the contents of this letter; I had not learned before reading it of their plans for Rose. The letter was written from a hospital in a distant city. It ran: "Rose is dying. When I told you last week that some things are worse than death, wounded pride, disappointed love, and anger all mingled with my sorrow. When I first learned of her serious condition, bitter anguish, vain regrets and dry, hard grief settled down into a hopeless despair.

"Yesterday she called me to her side, and said softly, but clearly, 'Father, I am so sorry that I have lived as I have; but, do you know, I believe that if you can forgive me, God will.' I hastened to assure her, with all the tenderness of voice and man-

ner, that I had forgiven her a thousand times. 'I die happy,' she said faintly; and I felt a slight pressure from the little hand, that I held in mine. She has not spoken since, and now she is sinking rapidly.

"It seems to me that I could hardly live, without this assurance of her eternal safety and joy; still I have added to my grief a burden of unspeakable regret. I should have known her temptations, and shielded her from them. Then I should have dealt more gently with her when I knew of her sin, and I should **never have consented to her being brought here.**

"'But the tender grace of a day that is done,
Will never come back to me.'"

As I laid the letter down, I said musingly: "If a **woman** be overtaken in a fault—even if that woman be a mere girl, she must become an out-cast from society, no matter how penitent, and how genuine her reform, or commit a crime to hide her sin, if she forfeit her life by so doing—this is our so-called Christian society—our boasted Southern chivalry! Bah!"

"Cursed be the social wants, that sin against the strength of youth!

Cursed be the social lies, that warp us from the *living truth!*"

March 9th. Mary and I have just returned from Rose Woodson's funeral. Mrs. Woodson, although nearly frantic with grief, does not seem to feel any remorse of conscience on account of her dealings with Rose. "The demands of society" are so binding upon this woman, that she does not realize that there was anything else to do. But the broken-hearted father deplores it deeply. I was standing with him by the casket; and he bent low, gazing on the loved face, murmuring softly as though unconscious of my presence: "My Rose, my poor, wounded lamb."

I was silent for a while, then I whispered: "The grief is all down here. There is only joy in the presence of the angels of God."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "I ought to be willing to bear the grief, knowing that she is forever done with it. But **I consented unto her death.**"

This was grief that I did not know how to deal with. I could only commit him to God, our own tender, pitiful Father in heaven.

I do not believe I have known a sadder incident than this.

March 10th. Our prayer circle was very small today. Yet there was a blessed spirit of unity; and the promised presence of Jesus made us strong and glad. Already the mercy drops are falling, and

I believe we shall hear sounds of abundance of rain. Alice Mayhew has paid the price—presented her body a living sacrifice; and, as a result, she has proved the sweetness of His will. Her testimony was so instructive that I make a record of it. She said:

“Dr. Heath’s preaching appealed to all the longings of my being, and made me thirsty for the deep things of God. Yet I shrank from the absolute surrender to God, that I knew was the only condition on which I could enter the blessed experience. It is strange how we acknowledge God’s love, and yet shrink from His will. God was calling me to China, and I trembled at the bare thought just as though He were asking me to plunge into the Pacific.

“Instead of saying ‘yes,’ at first, I studied out a plan of my own; I argued that, as I was the only daughter, my parents would need me in the time of old age. God assured me that He could and would care for them most tenderly. Oh, the matchless drawings of His love! He made me so hungry for Himself, that one day, while alone with Him, I dared to venture upon what seemed to be a rolling billow, and found that He bore me up so strongly, with His own hand, that the wild ocean billows were as the Solid Rock beneath my feet. Now, I

see that His will is the sweetest thing in all the world."

March 15th. Our meeting begins this evening. We are expecting Dr. Willson this afternoon, Lord be with us!

Later. A telegram from Dr. Willson says: "Can not come. Letter to follow." I did not know until I received this message how much I was depending upon an arm of flesh.

I went immediately to my study. I was never more keenly conscious of my dependence upon the Holy Spirit. I had never before felt such an inability to face a congregation. Falling upon my knees, I uttered this prayer from the very depths of my being, "O God, give me a vision of my people's need; give me a vision of Thy power to meet this need. Give me Thy message for them tonight!"

After a time of waiting, a comforting, strengthening sense of God's presence crept over my sensibilities; and these words comforted my heart: "Be not afraid; but speak, and hold not thy peace; for I am with thee: **For I have much people in this city.**"

I go out with sweet assurance that He will work. I am not alone.

Saturday. God is honoring His Word. I have

never received closer attention. Many souls are hungry for the Word.

My heart is filled with longings over the lost. I can say with Saint Paul: "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved."

"Oh, could I tell, ye surely would believe it!

Oh, could I only say what I have seen!

How should I tell, or how can ye receive it,

How, till He bringeth you where I have been?

"Therefore, O Lord, I will not fail nor falter;

Nay, but I ask it, nay but I implore,

Lay on my lips thine embers of the altar

Seal with the ring, and furnish with the fire.

"Give me a voice, a cry and a complaining—

Oh! let my sound be stormy in their ears!

Throat that would shout, but cannot stay for straining,

Eyes that would weep, but cannot stay for tears.

"Quick as a flash, and infinite forever,

Send an arousal better than I pray;

Give me a grace upon the faint endeavor;

Souls for my hire, and Pentecost today!

"Scarcely I catch the words of His revealing,

Hardly I hear Him, dimly understand;

Only the Power that is within me pealing

Lives on my lips, and beckons with my hand.

"Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest,
Cannot confound, nor doubt Him, nor deny,
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side for on this am I."

March 24th. George Mayhew and Sister Miriam decided that they would rather labor with us here than take a wedding journey; so my heart was cheered this morning by their presence.

Tom Callahan, too, is still telling the sweet old story of Jesus and His love.

Dr. Mitchell, pastor of Oak Street Presbyterian Church, has been with me at nearly every service, calling in his Sunday evening service, and the mid-week prayer-meeting, and asking his congregation to worship with us.

At first is seemed almost pathetic to see Sister Mayhew, as with untiring energy and loving devotion she seeks the prodigals of the city, while her own lost boy is beyond her reach in some distant city where she never hears from him. Yet, on second thought, I know it is a triumph of faith. "We seek the lost together, my Lord and I," she said gently. "They are all dear to His heart, and His love has made them dear to mine. Some day we will find my lost boy."

I shall never forget the look of joy on her face

last night when Lloyd Chalmers arose from the altar and confessed Christ.

March 25th. Last night I was led to preach on true and false foundations from Matthew 7:24-27.

The Spirit was present: and a silent, powerful conviction rested on the congregation. Many knelt at the altar for prayer; and some found the true Foundation. There was a large crowd at church and as they were leaving, Percy Armstrong waited near the front, and passed the word to George Mayhew that he wished to speak to him. He was visibly agitated, and said excitedly, "I wanted to ask you to take my name off the church roll. I will not rest in a false position another night. I am not fit to be a member of the church, but I can, at least, be honest."

George took his hand, and said kindly, "Jesus will make you fit, Percy, if you will let Him." He showed deep emotion; but before he could answer his wife said impatiently, "Do come on, Percy, you are making such a scene, and we are blocking the way." "Yes," he answered, "we are blocking the way; but I will, at least, block the way of others no longer. George, be sure to do as I told you." And he joined his wife and moved on to the door.

George told me this morning that instead of revising the church roll, he prayed for Percy, and

some others, until midnight, and that he believed they would be saved. This morning Percy came to church alone, looking pale and troubled. Before the service closed, he found peace and went on his way rejoicing. At the same time Henry Walton, struggling with the drink and cigarette habit, found "Him who is mighty to save." Thank God!

March 29th. Surely "the wind bloweth where it listeth." Yesterday afternoon, as Sister Miriam was telling the children how Jesus can save and keep, Col. Arnold, or "Old Jerry," as he is commonly called, sought shelter in the church from a cold wind and rain. Something she said touched the old man's heart, making it humble and penitent. The Saviour of men reached out a strong, compassionate hand, and received "one more little child." How it magnifies the grace and mercy of God, and His power to save, when an old man, trembling over a drunkard's grave, is drawn back by the Holy Spirit, and redeemed. It was a time of great rejoicing down here; and I know the angels made sweet music around the throne of the Lamb. May God grant him grace to redeem the time during the few days that remain unto him here; for, think of it, in all of its gracious bearings, still there remains the sad fact—the record of a wasted life.

Mrs. Anderson and Miss Lillian have entered upon their inheritance in Christ. The love of God, in its warmth, has unlocked the powers that were held so tight in the icy grip of doubt and fear.

But it is impossible for me to make a record of all the lives that are being blessed. I can only say of many, "Their names are in the Book of Life and I have them written in my heart." I earnestly thank God for every one of them.

Through the kindness of Professor Woodson, the classes at the College are so arranged that the students can attend all of the evening and some of the morning and afternoon services. Quite a number of them attend regularly. Many of the young people of the city, some of them giddy, thoughtless worldlings, attend the evening services. They may come because of the novelty of the entertainment; yet I do not know but that beneath a thoughtless manner there may be hidden a real desire for salvation. My heart yearns very deeply over all these young lives, so fraught with eternal dangers, yet so full of heavenly possibilities, I find myself constantly laying them upon the heart of God with the earnest prayer for their salvation.

Then there is another class of hearers—some young, some older, whose condition weighs heav-

ily upon my heart. They are earnest, thoughtful members of the various churches in the city. They seem to be honestly trying to walk in the "narrow way," while they seek to carry along as much of the world's riches and pleasures as possible. As I have looked into these earnest faces, I have learned to love them deeply, and long for them to enter into God's best thought for them.

At a quiet afternoon service I gave a solemn message of our Saviour's deepest love. In tender, loving faithfulness I endeavored to point out the way of the Holy Cross, not daring to veil a single feature of its rugged outline; yet trying to show, that, by the matchless drawings of His love, it is possible for one to part willingly with earth's most alluring treasure, and to place all of his possessions, endowments and powers at the disposal of the thorn-crowned King; then, with empty hands and willing feet, enthralled by a glimpse of His wonderful Face, to follow Him all the way. George Mayhew conducted a consecration service. He said, "I earnestly beseech all Christians who are conscious of lack in their experience to let Christ settle it. He will fill all that unsatisfied longing of your nature; for in the wonderful redemption that He has accomplished there is no lack, no unfinished work. In the stillness of this solemn hour

I ask all who need Christ to come at once without singing."

Here and there, over the congregation, a number of individuals quietly arose and came forward. Brother Ito, a Japanese student, a member of the Senior Class at the College, came first. I next noted Andrew Goldsmith and his wife kneeling in earnest prayer. My attention was arrested by a slight movement in the choir. Josie Ames, who was sitting next to L'Roi Mayhew, whispered something to him, as she arose to come to the altar. She must have asked him to come with her, for I saw his face almost livid with a sudden changed expression, but in an instant his features were as calm as ever. I had noted his courteous, manly, intelligent attention to the sermon, and coveted him for the Kingdom of Christ. But, if he were turning away from the offer of discipleship sorrowfully, his cultured, patrician features did not betray it.

Brother Ito, who was already a believer, testified this morning to have entered a life wholly devoted to his Master. He was expecting, after his graduation, to study law and enter a government position. "But now," he said this morning, "in the spiritual needs of my countrymen I hear the voice of God calling me; and I would rather be an am-

bassador for the King of kings than to have the highest office in the gift of the Mikado." Thank God!

Both Andrew Goldsmith and his wife testified joyfully to the reality and blessedness of a surrendered life. It is rather seldom that we see both husband and wife enter this experience together. Thank God for the possibilities of these united lives. Andrew Goldsmith is a successful business man, and is Superintendent of the Sunday School, while his wife is a busy worker in the missionary societies.

Brother Mitchell said that some years ago, under the preaching of an uneducated but Spirit-filled man, he was convinced of a lack of power in his experience and ministry; and that he had been seeking the blessing ever since. The subject had been much in his mind of late. Then he added, "Late last night the Lord enabled me to make a complete surrender to Him, and to enter upon my inheritance in Christ Jesus. I have been preaching the gospel fifteen years, but I never knew before the simplicity and fulness of the gospel which I have tried to preach."

Amid all of these joyous, triumphant testimonies, Josie Ames' face was pale and wore an anxious look. In an unsteady voice, she gave a brief and

rather indefinite testimony. She is greatly in earnest, but has not yet entered into rest.

Alice Mayhew shows deep earnestness, and testifies to a settled, quiet peace, with a determination to follow on to know and do the will of God. She will leave next week to go to the Training School.

Jessie Mauldin attends only occasionally, and, so far, has manifested little interest in the services.

April 8th. The meeting has closed. I feel humbly, deeply grateful for every life that has been blessed. My heart is burdened this morning for the members of my church who are still out of the fold of Christ, and for the great multitude in the city who are still unsaved, unmoved, untouched. May God pity them all!

There is another cause of anxiety to my heart as pastor. There are some young disciples in trying places. Someone said the other day: "The age of martyrdom has not passed. It requires as much of the grace of God to say, 'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge,' when one is being put to death by the slow process of pin pricks and stinging nettles, as if stoned with stones." That is true, but in either case, "being filled with the Holy Ghost, looking steadfastly into heaven, and seeing the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God," is sufficient. May God enable any who

are standing alone, whether they are called to suffer for Him or not, to be the lighted candle that "giveth light unto all who are within the house."

There is a little bit of the family history of our Lord that is full of encouragement to any follower of Christ, who has loved ones out of the fold: During the life of Christ we read, "For neither did his brethren believe in him"; and we have reason to believe that His mother often misunderstood Him. Yet we read again: "These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplications with the women, and Mary, the mother of Jesus, and his brethren."

'The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret;
Why not take all to the Helper,
Who never has failed us yet?
Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce knew what to do.
Then leaving all our weakness
With One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden
And carry away the song.

—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Percy Armstrong is trying against heavy odds to straighten up his life. Some of his property has

been rented for disreputable purposes, and he feels in a measure responsible for the evil going on there. Oh, the endless chain of the complex influences that are set in motion by a life of sin!

When he closed the bar at the Belle Vue, nearly every guest left. But, perhaps, the severest trial, the most serious difficulty lies in the indifference of his mother, and the bitter opposition of his wife.

Josie Ames, standing alone so far as her family and immediate circle of friends are concerned, sees the truth, and feels the need of a deeper experience, yet she has not entered into its blessed rest.

Lloyd Chalmers did not find it easy at first to get employment. Whiskey, cigarettes, and gambling have so weakened him physically and morally that few business men are willing to trust him. However, acting upon the advice of Mrs. Mayhew to take the very first honorable work that he could get, he is driving a dray.

Henry Walton, likewise, has gone to work to support his family. His unusual talent as an architect made it easy for him to find work when he was in a condition to do it.

Old Col. Arnold is still sober and happy in his quarters at the "Old Soldiers' Home."

There is no sight more beautiful than to see a man or a woman take up the wreckage and ruin of

a sin-destroyed life; and, having found the true foundation, begin patiently and heroically to build over. I am reminded of a little sentence I saw somewhere—"The greatest works on earth have been works of restoration."

. Oh, this glorious gospel of the Son of God! I praise God for its power to convict, and its strength to save and transform. That day in my study, when I learned that Dr. Willson could not help us in the meeting, I realized more keenly than I ever had before what it means to have the weight of human souls bearing down upon me, with no help but God's. I had loved these souls before; I had prayed for them; but now, I must undertake for them. Out of the depths of utter self-despair, I arose to do the work of an evangelist in the strength of God. He has enabled me to preach the Word, and, praise His name, it has not returned unto Him void. Bless the Lord! O my soul!

April 10th. The following prayer-meeting talk from a layman has made me think: "When I used to hear the popular sins of the day denounced, I would always feel that that was for someone else. I was brought up, so to speak, in the church, and do not remember when I began to attend Sunday School. But the Spirit of God showed me

that my life was not conformed to the teachings of Christ. I saw that I indulged in pleasures that were just as alluring, occupying my time and thought and keeping them from God, just as successfully as pleasures of a lower order.

"I was really ashamed when I saw to what extent I was enslaved by delightful food, and things pleasing to the eyes, and other senses. In fact, I was nourishing a refined, fastidious animal life; and, as a result, my soul was dwindling. I thank God that He showed it to me; and at the same time showed unto me 'a more excellent way.'

"Myrtle and I made a memorandum of our previous expenditures, and balanced accounts between what we had spent for self and the Lord.

"We first took up the matter of jewelry and superfluous silverware. We found that we had more treasure for the rust to corrupt than we had, during our whole married life, laid up in heaven. We had more cut glass and china than Christian hospitality would ever require.

"In the matter of clothing, while neither of us has ever been extravagant, still we both confessed that we had spent much more for unneeded and too expensive attire, than we had, during our whole lives, given to the poor at our doors.

"We were both rather ashamed when we saw

that, during the past year, we had spent enough for candy and cold drinks and other unnecessary, if not hurtful, things, to support an orphan.

"The next item was that of amusements. I found that our concert and other amusement tickets had cost us far more than we had paid to the cause of missions.

"At last Myrtle said: 'There is another item that we haven't considered, yet it is the most valuable and least retrievable of any that we have squandered. By selling out some of these things that we find so unnecessary, we can in a measure redeem some of these lost opportunities, but there is no way of redeeming lost time.'

"Yet we found hope in this promise: 'I will restore unto you the years that the locust hath eaten.' "

He has doubled his contribution to missions, assumed the support of an orphan, paid something on the church debt; and now he is studying the mission fields, with the expectation of supporting a missionary. No doubt he will find many a place for consecrated wealth, when he begins to study the world's needs.

April 11th. I attended prayer-meeting down at Howard Street last evening. Tom Callahan is beginning to see some of the fruit of his labors. He

has made the old warehouse more comfortable; and quite a little crowd attend the meetings there. Any one must admire the simplicity and directness with which this fearless servant of God goes about his work.

April 12th. I stood this morning with Professor Woodson by Rose's grave. He has placed a massive marble pillar at its head. Underneath a harp with broken strings is this simple inscription:

Rose Kathleen Woodson,

Age 20 years.

"Forgive our grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom we found so fair."

But for the grief of the friend, who stood by my side, I would like to take the chisel and add this much to the inscription:

"A victim of modern society, murdered by the three, whom, of all the world, she loved best."

CHAPTER VII.

The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift, without the giver, is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three;
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me.

—LOWELL.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

—LONGFELLOW.

April 13th. Mary and I have just returned from a visit to the May Flower Mill village. Sister Miriam showed us the improvements they have made, and told us of what they are planning to do.

The account she gave us of her call to this kind of work was so instructive, and their plans so full of interest, that I make a record of them.

“When I first consecrated myself to God, seeing so many people healed under my father's ministry,

I had a great desire for the gift of healing. I thought it would be such a beautiful thing to go about, like Dorothea Trudel, and heal the sick. I prayed for this thing a long time; still the power did not come. However, God did not leave me without an answer.

“One night father called me into his study, and said: ‘Miriam, we need an assistant in our settlement work. Miss Ollsen has more than she can do. Could you go down and help her, until we can secure a permanent assistant?’ Then, for the first time, I told him what I had been praying for. Father sat, and studied a long time; then he answered in his own peculiarly tender tone, ‘Daughter, the gift you seek may not be suited to you. Dorothea Trudel was a faithful servant of God and humanity. Her service, as you say, was beautiful; but God may have a different plan for you. Down yonder in the slum district are people who have lost their way in life: they suffer from other causes than sickness. In fact, much of the sickness in the world is caused by wrong living. It seems to me that you could render beautiful service by going down there and showing them how to live. However, my child, leave the matter with your Father in heaven. Listen to His voice. He will teach you His will. I would not have you to let anyone per-

suade you from seeking the best gift the Holy Spirit has for you.'

"At first, my whole nature recoiled from all contact with the filth and moral degradation of the slums. But the love of Christ became so real to me; and He called so sweetly, that I began to feel their condition, knowing that they did not choose their environment, any more than I had chosen mine. 'His love constrained me'; and I went to the work in real earnest, with a glad heart.

"Oh, yes, there are many difficulties and discouragements in the work, but there are many rewards and triumphs, too. It is beautiful to see a person, aroused from a mere existence, to realize the beauty and power of a **redeemed life**. And, as I have been enabled to show them the Christ, many of them have found salvation for souls and health for their bodies, by trusting in God and doing His will.

"Of course, the conditions here, are, in many instances, different altogether from the condition in the slums. Among the mill operatives, we find some successful business men, who have comfortable homes and educate their children. Then there are some, to whom the high price, paid for their skillful services, has become a curse. Then, too, we find those unfortunate, indolent, or incapable people, whose condition is similar to that which we find

in the slums. You know the mill population down South is made up largely of people who have failed at something else. In this way, the mill village has become a sort of human dumping-place. Our work is to reach all these classes of people with better ideals and higher hopes.

“One serious trouble here is this: a girl, who has worked in the mill from childhood, has had little opportunity to learn anything about making a home. Therefore, when she marries, and has a home of her own, she naturally shirks the home duties, and usually hires some incapable person to keep house, while she continues to work in the mill. Even when babies come to the home, they are left as soon as possible to this hired help, and the mother from choice becomes a boarder instead of a home-maker. We are planning to try to remedy this condition of things as much as possible. We are going to build a large settlement house—called the ‘May Flower Home.’ In this Home, we will have a boarding department, at the head of which we will place a matron. We will require the girls who board there to take a turn each month at the housework. In this way, they will reduce the price of their board very much, and, at the same time, learn the art of home-making.

“Sometimes it is necessary for the mother of a

family to work in the mill, so one department of the home will be a large day nursery, where any mother may have her baby properly cared for, while she is at work.

"We wish the 'Home' to be a real home of Christian love and refinement, the real object of the institution being to teach a love for home, and to show the way to make one.

"The May Flower Home may not be popular at first. In fact all of Mr. Mayhew's improvements have been regarded with suspicion by some of the operatives. Some even left the mill on account of his strict enforcement of the child labor law and compulsory education. Do you know a host of men move to a cotton mill with this one intention: that their little children may make them a living? Even when this is not the case, they sometimes become so infatuated with the idea of a large payroll, that they put the little ones to work just as soon as possible. They do not scruple to make a false impression about the age of their children, if they do not tell an outright falsehood. You know it is hard to know just how to deal with a person that has no more conscience left than that. Yet we believe that somewhere in every human heart there is a spot that Christ can touch. So we deal as patiently with them all as possible; for, after all,

we are seeking not merely to enforce rules but to lift up the fallen, and, if possible, to find God's image in these defaced lives.

"We have a large kindergarten already in working order. There were so many children on the streets needing care and teaching that Mr. Mayhew remodeled an old dwelling; and we secured a teacher for them, who is willing to spend the greater part of the day with them. They have a large playground; and they spend much of the time playing outdoor games. Our graded school also is doing excellent work."

April 28th. I was out walking this morning and came up with Dr. Watson. I had not had a personal interview with him, except in a business way, since our meeting closed. He opened his conversation by saying that he had been wanting to have "a plain talk" with me. I humbly ask God's pardoning mercy upon a minister of the gospel who can so far forget the amazing love of God, as to make such uncharitable statements about His frail children as this "plain talk" contained.

On reaching home I went immediately to my study, and gave myself up to a season of heart-searching. First I thought of my preaching: had I deluded the people by preaching vain, impossible things? No, my conscience bore me witness that I

had not followed nor advocated cunningly devised fables. I had been careful not to try to estimate any height of excellence to which man might attain, but to preach a Saviour, who has infinite power and love. Then I laid bare my heart before God, the all-seeing God, and prayed that He might search and see if there were lurking in my heart a desire to see my preaching, my work stand, instead of seeking the eternal safety of my flock, or to see God's truth and power vindicated. "O God, search me and know me."

Then I pondered the report concerning my flock—was Percy Armstrong only deluded, and not truly saved? Would old habits regain their power with poor old Jerry Arnold, who seemed so repentant and earnest? And Henry Walton and Lloyd Chalmers, would they return to their old sinful, dissipated lives? I wondered if Andrew Goldsmith were really disagreeable, or if his consecration and liberality only troubled the consciences of those who were not willing to follow the same rule. Then I remembered, with some anxiety, that I had noted an altered manner in Tom Callahan recently, and he was not at prayer-meeting last week. At last I thought of Josie Ames, poor Josie, who had suffered so; could it be that she had only become ascetic and self-willed?

I had never realized before just how dear these souls were to my heart. Perhaps I had never fully realized their danger either, and these bare suggestions made me grow sick at heart. Falling upon my knees, I reminded God, with tears, of their danger, and begged Him to keep them from falling. As I continued pleading with God, these words came into my mind, bringing a full realization of the situation, but at the same time showing where safety could be found: "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." So I committed them into God's hands.

Then I asked that He would graciously bring peace to the mind of this man who had brought me these evil tidings.

May 8th. A call from Tom Callahan last night explained his altered conduct and his absence from prayer-meeting. Soon after he came in, he said, "Brother Ellwood, I am in distress." To my inquiry about his trouble, he said, "Two months ago I thought I was saved from all sin. I felt only love in my heart. I loved God and all mankind. I hated my old life, and felt that I would never be influenced by my old associates again. But two weeks ago, an old friend—a former business partner, came to see me. I had not seen him in years,

and his visit took me by surprise. He either did not know of the change that had come into my life, or he pretended that he did not know it; and I was too weak and cowardly to tell him of it and to ask him to go with me to prayer-meeting. Maybe that sounds strange to you. That man is no worse than I used to be, as I know of; but to ask one of that kind to go to prayer-meeting or church means an insult; and to go means disgrace—that's all. But that didn't excuse me. I knew that I was a coward, and I despised myself for it. Like Peter, I was beginning to sink, and before he left, I even took a drink with him. I seemed to be completely under his control. You know, Brother Ellwood, that peace was all gone. I felt that I had crucified my Lord afresh. You can't imagine my distress of mind. I hunted up my old companion, and told him what a coward I had been. I humbled myself in the very dust before God, and I believe He pardoned me; but somehow I feel afraid of my old life asserting its power again. Oh, that hateful life that I thought I was done with forever, it terrifies me with its hellish blackness, and fills me with despair!" And the giantlike man trembled like a frightened child.

"Brother," I said, "be of good cheer. When God pardons your sins, He remembers them against you

no more forever. Then He has promised not only to pardon, but to 'cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' "

"I thought it was done already," he said hopelessly.

" 'According to your faith' is the law of the Kingdom. You could not exercise faith for something before you realized your need of it. When you were first saved, your heart was so filled with the joy of pardon and a measure of cleansing, that you did not know your need of a deeper cleansing. Perhaps you could not learn it except by some such painful experience. Come, and thank God that you have learned your need before you drifted farther into sin. Now make a definite surrender to Him, and trust Him to cleanse your heart from all unrighteousness: 'for this is the will of God, even your sanctification.' "

"I have tried to do it time and again," he answered, but I do not feel any difference; my heart is just as hard and dark as ever. Yet when I first came to God, the very moment I asked Him to pardon my sins, He did it, and filled my heart with joy and gladness; but it seems different now."

"God has not changed," I answered. "You did not know God then, and He met you with His pardoning love. But now that He has already made

His great love known to you by His pardoning grace, He asks you to trust Him for a clean heart before He gives it to you in actual experience. Believe His Word, and receive what He gives; and, in time, the Holy Spirit will witness that it is done. He is faithful."

"Do you mean to say," he asked eagerly, "that I can be saved so that I will always feel just like I did when I was first saved?"

"No, Brother, I did not mean that. There is no experience in the Christian life just like the first dawning consciousness of the love of God in the heart. In the natural world, if we develop normally, we are not always 'babes.' In the spiritual world we are subject to the very same laws. It is your privilege to grow up in Christ a son of God, to enter upon your work in your Father's kingdom, to claim your inheritance in 'that good and acceptable and perfect will of God'—a will which Satan may contest, but has no power to break, thank God! There is joy here, too, fulness of joy—a riper, deeper, more abiding joy, than you experienced at first, because it flows from the harmonious blending of your will with the will of God."

By this time he was calm, and ready to take a reasonable view of the situation.

"It is worth dying to obtain such a blessed experience!" he said eagerly.

I opened the Bible at Exodus 21:5 and 6, and read: "And, if the servant shall plainly say, I love my master, my wife, and my children; I will not go out free: then his master shall bring him unto the judges; he shall also bring him to the door, or unto the door post; and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl; and he shall serve him forever."

"This," I said, "is the consecration that is required—a bond-servant forever to Christ. Yet it brings the largest, truest freedom a man can ever know; for those who are faithful as servants He calls friends."

"I will do it," he said, resolutely; and after praying together he arose to go, saying, "I think I understand Him better, although I do not feel any difference. I will trust and abide His time. I know He is faithful."

CHAPTER VIII.

May 9th. Clara Armstrong was here this morning, and something in the conversation of this outspoken society woman touched me with a feeling of real sympathy or pity. Although she talked in her usual reckless way, still one can discern a real tenderness of heart, in spite of her seeming carelessness. Feeling as she does, it is truly pathetic to see her still clinging to a life that is disappointing her.

She said she had the "blues," and had come here to assure herself that everything was not going to pieces, as it always rested her to sit a little with Mary and the children. Mary told her she might come oftener, to which she replied: "Oh, well, you know 'the vain pomp and glory of this world' and its sinful pleasures are just as dear to me as to any other butterfly of fashion; but when I feel as I do today, why then I want to get into a quiet atmosphere and believe in heaven a little while."

Mary said, "My dear, why don't you come into the Ark of eternal safety and rest, sure enough?"

"Mrs. Ellwood," she answered, "I am afraid I

haven't any reasons for not being a Christian that you can understand." After a moment's pause, she continued: "The pleasures of this world mean much to me, although I know they are fleeting, and often disappointing. The enchanting strains of the 'Italian Band' have the same power over my poor feet that the smell of whiskey has over the drunkard's appetite."

Mary told her that Christ could overcome both, if given over into His hands.

Clara said, "I sometimes despise myself for dancing, when I know that it is keeping me from a better life. But there is another matter that comes a little closer, perhaps, than my love for dancing; I could quit that, and I would do it if it were not for Fred. You know that it would not be very pleasant to be at home, and know that Fred was dancing with someone else. I am not cast in a very heroic mould. I could not suffer what Josie Ames does without making a noise about it."

Mary spoke very gently: "My dear child, you can never hope to win Fred from the ball-room by going with him to it. But if you give yourself to Christ, you might win him, too. If you think, for a moment, of the worth of a soul, you will see that it is worth trying."

All the jest was gone now, and there were tears in the eyes that usually sparkled with fun. "Yes," she said, "I know it is worth trying." She lowered her voice to a whisper: "But I might fail! And I know something about a divided home."

I left the room and did not hear the rest of the conversation. The cause of her present trouble seems to be the continued and serious ill health of Percy's wife. She leaves today to spend the summer in the mountains.

May 13th. Poor "Old Jerry" was found dead this morning in his bed at the Old Soldiers' Home. I thank God that he not only remained sober through the recent reunion, but was "kept saved," as he expressed it, until his departure to join the great reunion above.

Peace, God's peace, to the old soldier's soul!

May 25th. This deeper experience that I have entered has opened a deeper vein of sympathy for all forms of human need; and I have found that the opened heart has drawn men to bring their sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and temptations to me as never before in my experience as a pastor. Thus my study has been the scene of many a recital of human care, human failures, human tragedies, human sin, as I have tried to show way-worn men the heart of Christ.

June 18th. The commencements of the different schools of the city are all over. The vacation season has commenced. Many of my congregation are already leaving for various resorts, some seeking rest, some health, some pleasure. Oh, the turmoil and unrest of the human family! How few have learned that the great secret of rest and satisfaction and joy is found, yes, really found, when that sweetest invitation is heartily accepted and assimilated into daily life: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

I find that this rest is the secret of the highest activity. I have just passed through the busiest six months of my life as pastor, yet I have not felt the need of a vacation. Frequently, I have been wearied in body, mind, and heart: yet amidst it all, I am learning to "rest in the Lord."

So deeply do I realize the truth of this, that I have engaged with Dr. Mitchell and others to carry on a gospel campaign to extend through the hottest part of summer. The tent has been rented, and arrangements made for it to be erected Monday, June 30th.

June 27th. By invitation of Dr. Mitchell, we held an all-day prayer-meeting in the Sunday School room of the Presbyterian Church today. When the hour arrived, the room was nearly full of earnest, thoughtful seekers. Dr. Mitchell stated the purpose of the meeting, to ask God for a revival. He opened his Bible and read from II Chronicles 7:14: "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

Never did words to my ears sound more encouraging and reassuring than the passage of Scripture with which he opened the meeting; and never did I feel the need of prayer, effectual prayer, more deeply than I did this morning. When I first awoke, it seemed that the fortress of my faith had been attacked by a whole legion of devils. Nothing seemed real but the powers of darkness. If I had yielded to my feelings, I should have stayed in my study, or walked alone in a solitary place. This I dared not do; so I hastened to the house of God, to unite my prayers with the prayers of others for the presence and power of God in our crusade against sin. When called on to pray I made this prayer: "Lord, Satan tells us that we are absolutely

without power, and that the work, which we are about to undertake, requires great strength and wisdom. Master, in this he has told the truth. We are weak, and lack wisdom. But Thou hast wisdom and strength, and Thou hast promised to be with us. We depend upon Thee. Come, and honor Thy Word." He answered me, praise His name! not by taking away my sense of weakness, but by assuring me that the battle is the Lord's and that He is equal to these things.

I am sure I never attended a more blessed and helpful prayer-meeting. We had very little talk, but much quiet waiting upon God.

July 20th. There has been an unusual amount of sickness this summer. In some parts of the city there has been almost a scourge of fever. Little Ernest Ames is lingering between life and death.

The meeting is still in progress. Great crowds attend the evening services. Clara Armstrong says she is sure it is the tent that draws them, as it is, with few exceptions, just such a crowd as one sees at a circus. Be that as it may, I have never spoken to such a mixed multitude in my life. This fact sifts down the messages to the simple gospel uttered in the plainest words.

Mr. Hudson, of the Baptist Mission Church, has worked with us faithfully; but he will leave tomor-

row to assist in a meeting in a distant part of the state.

Dr. Mitchell is a staunch soldier of the cross. He is doing faithful work. He preaches earnestly, prays fervently and believingly, and he deals faithfully and tenderly with those who are seeking the Way. Besides his work in public, he uses much personal private entreaty.

Many earnest, zealous men and women from the various churches of the city attend regularly, and help in many ways.

But perhaps one of the most potent human agencies has been Tom Callahan. Knowing, as he does, the power of sin and Satan, the redeeming love of Christ is wonderfully real to him. To his mind, there seem to be but two realities in life—Sin and the Saviour. Thus his praying is definite and believing, his preaching pointed and practical, filled with earnest pathos that at times reaches the point of impassioned eloquence.

It is truly wonderful how he has learned so much of the Bible in so short a time. He had never read a line in it until after his conversion; now he seems familiar with it as a man who has long studied it. He believes it, he loves it, and depends upon it, as the living Word of God.

We praise God for many victories during this

meeting. At times we have been conscious in a very striking degree of the presence of God and a deep conviction resting upon the congregation. Many of different classes of people have made public confession of saving faith in Christ. Yet many are still saying, "I will not have this man to reign over me."

And those lawless, iniquitous institutions in the city, winked at, if not sanctioned, by the authorities, are still thriving upon the costly material of human bodies and souls. A few broken lives have been bound up and healed by the Great Physician; but these hellish snares are enticing thousands of others. It almost seems that they are infernal machines, invented in hell and run by the arch-fiend himself, instead of being institutions, planned and carried on by human beings, with immortal souls, which Christ died to redeem. O God, make bare Thy holy arm, and come and save us!

August 12th. The meeting at the tent closed with the Sunday evening service.

One the visible results of the meeting was the forming of definite plans towards establishing a permanent mission in the heart of the city. Percy Armstrong gave the lot on which we hope soon to see a substantial and appropriate building.

Alice Mayhew came home before the meeting

closed and threw herself heartily into the work of seeking the lost.

She has gathered a number of Chinese boys into Sunday School; and a few of them attend the church services. There is a peculiar joy in preaching the gospel to untaught heathen people.

Surely there is work wherever we look—the harvest truly is plenteous. Oh, Lord of the harvest, send us laborers.

August 13th. Little Ernest Ames passed away this morning. May the tender Shepherd, who has taken this lamb to Himself, bind up and heal the bruised hearts.

CHAPTER IX.

August 17th. Yesterday evening, after the children had been put to bed, Mary and I were sitting on the front porch. It was growing late, when we were startled by a frightened woman hurrying up to the steps, and begging to be allowed to come in. We went with her into the house and offered her a chair. It required but a glimpse to know whence she was, but why did she come to the parsonage? Was she seeking protection from an assailant; or had something occurred to arouse her slumbering conscience, and was she seeking the Way of Life?

These thoughts flashed through my mind, but they were soon all hushed, and I was conscious of but one emotion, pity, as she told her story, which I sum up in a few words: loneliness, enticement, desertion, a broken heart, a ruined life! She had just escaped from one of the licensed brothels of the city and begged for a night's shelter and help to a better life,

This was a new experience. I had preached a great, loving, powerful Christ, who could save the worst of sinners. I had always felt a peculiar pity

for this particular class of sinners. Two women of soiled character had been saved at the recent tent meeting. However, I had not dealt personally with either of them. Sister Miriam and the Matron of the Door of Hope showed them the way. Perhaps I have unconsciously made a distinction in God's service that He never meant for me to make; and, as Sister Goldsmith expressed it, "left this drudgery in the work of Christ to others."

I asked her if she had tried the "Door of Hope." She said she had seen Miss Davis who had told her that they were so crowded at present that they could not take another one. I was in a dilemma. I honestly wanted to help this woman to a better life; still I felt that it would be hardly worth while to tell her about a Saviour who loved her, and then turn her out into the street. And yet, the parsonage was not my property. I did not know what would be said or done by some of the official members of the St. Paul's Church when it should be known that such a person had been sheltered there. Then I thought of Mary, tender-hearted and self-denying though she was, still she was a painstaking, scrupulous housekeeper, and at present she was without help. Would it be right to have this woman occupy a room that Mary must clean with her own hands?

Mary had been called from the room by one of the children just after the woman began her story; and she had not returned, although I was sure the child had gone to sleep.

Noticing my embarrassment, the pale, haggard face of the stranger colored; and she hastened to say, "I know that such as I should not ask so much—but if you only knew the wretchedness and despair of my life! I would be so grateful if you would only let me stay in the kitchen tonight—perhaps tomorrow I might get away somewhere."

Trusting to Mary's tenderness of heart and Christian love I promised her the protection of our home. Then I felt free to open my Bible and read of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Mary came in while I was reading and joined with me in prayer. As we arose from our knees, she said gently, "Come on with me; you need rest." Mary had had no quandary. Resourceful woman! She knew as if by instinct just what to do.

She led the way to the bath-room first, where she had provided clean clothing from her own wardrobe. While she was out of the sitting-room, she had been making ready for the stranger a little room that is supplied entirely with her own bedding.

This morning Mary told her that if she were willing to assist with the housework she should have the usual pay for such work. The poor creature was so grateful that she burst into tears, saying that she was willing to do anything for such kind friends. She told Mary her full name and her sad history, which is too sadly common to need repeating here.

In answer to Dorothy's question concerning the stranger, Mary said that she was an unfortunate woman who had no home, and that she was going to stay and help us keep house, adding that we would call her "Sister Bertha."

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried, that grace can restore;
Touched by a human heart, wakened by kindness
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

August 18th. I have not felt the need of a vacation this summer. Then, too, I have had much to keep me busy at home. But, as I have just had the offer of a few weeks' rest repeated, I have decided to go with my family to Mt. Pisgah Camp Meeting.

Mt. Pisgah is an old Methodist camping ground up near the mountains. A few years ago John Byers, a banker of Glennville, erected a huge Tab-

ernacle and a number of cottages there; and during the month of August a Feast of Tabernacles is held yearly. Christian workers of different denominations and from different fields of labor gather there, and it has become a deeply spiritual gathering.

I have frequently heard of John Byers, the eccentric, philanthropic banker of Glennville. From the world's standpoint he is narrow, cranky, and peculiar, stingy on one side and liberal on the other, yet altogether an interesting character. The world cannot understand why a man would choose to live in so plain a style that he might be taken for the bookkeeper instead of the owner of one of the largest banks in the state. It seems absolutely foolish to the world for him to sell a magnificent home that he was having built for himself and to continue living in an old one. To the world's way of thinking he is rather "narrow"; for recently he rebuked a minister for riding on a Sunday train and asked him if he thought the gospel would have any power, preached over a broken law. Then, because the president of his church school allows the young women under his care to attend the theatre, he has sent his own daughter to a college where her soul will be cared for, failing to support the institutions of his church. The world does not see, nor does it care to see that the theatre

is no friend to one's religious life, and that perhaps the president of a church college, who allows the young people entrusted to his keeping to attend the theatre, is doing the church more harm than the man to whom the soul of his child is more dear than the institutions of his church.

It is one of the paradoxes of the divine life that true liberty, real breadth of soul, and enlarged vision come only to those who enter the "strait gate" and are content to walk in the "narrow way"; and since I have seen John Byers for myself, I am convinced that he belongs to a class whom a great writer and thinker once described as "a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Martha Byers, a quiet, motherly woman, who looks well to the ways of her household, seems to be the echo of her husband. Not that she is a weak or cringing character; far from it. I mean that she is no pathfinder. If he had been content to follow the multitude and live in self-indulgent ease, she would, in all probability, have beautified his palatial home with the same devotion that she now makes his plainer house the "home beautiful" that it is.

The daughter seems to be a repetition of the father's character, full of youthful energy and joy; and while she is the comfort and joy of both parents, if God should call her even to darkest Africa,

I can easily imagine them saying, "Daughter, we are children and subjects of the great King, our Father; if we are obedient to Him we cannot go beyond His care. Go, then, and do His bidding."

August 29th. This season of privilege and blessing is fast slipping away, tomorrow being the "last day, that great day of the Feast."

I had been studying John Byers all the week. Yet he seldom spoke of himself, and I did not learn his story until he told it to a little handful of earnest men and women on a stormy day. He said:

"Twenty-five years ago John Byers was alive and doing business strictly for himself. This expresses my condition when God turned His searchlight upon my life. Then I saw that the absorbing, controlling ambition of my life was, by honorable means, to amass a fortune. At all times my mind was filled with business plans; even on the Lord's Day, while in church and Sunday School, I was so preoccupied that I could scarcely say that I worshiped God there. My daily Bible reading and prayer could always be postponed or neglected to meet a business engagement. It had been my purpose, if all my plans succeeded, to retire from active business at the age of fifty and spend the rest of my life in affluent leisure. I now saw that my ambition was no higher than that of the 'rich fool' of

the parable, and that, if God should call me, I would have far more to leave behind than I had laid up in the bank of eternity. To the outside world, perhaps, the most interesting thing connected with my departure would be the amount of my earthly possessions, expressed in dollars and cents, and their disposal, as expressed in my will. I saw that, while I had always prided myself on my prudence and good sense in business matters, I really would be no better off, if called to give account, than a mere spendthrift. I was thoroughly awake and alarmed at my condition. The good Lord dealt very faithfully with me; and, while He had borne with me during those wasted years, I knew that now He was calling me to enter a larger life; and if I failed to heed His voice, I should be in danger of losing my soul. This conviction deepened until I was miserable. All my business interests lost their fascination. I attended to them mechanically, feeling somehow that they were condemned, and I must forsake them. Yet I did not believe that I was called to preach. My life just lay before me a dull, blank existence, until one day in utter despair I sought God's face, determined never to enter the bank again if He should show me that this was His will for me. When I made this surrender, a great peace took possession of me.

God had entered His temple. In the hush and solemnity of that blissful moment somehow I just understood that I should pursue my same occupation. There had been nothing wrong with my work; the trouble had been with the worker. Now that my love was readjusted, I heard my Master say, 'Occupy till I come.'

"Although our destinies are determined by the decisions of a single moment, still we cannot learn all of life's lessons in one brief day. It took a long while to adjust all the details of this consecrated business to the principles of the new Proprietor. 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away,' seemed to be disastrous advice for a banker. It had never occurred to me that it would do for a business principle. This question kept coming up: 'If the rule is not applicable to all people, why did Christ give it?' So leaving the issue with Him, I decided to follow the rule literally until He showed me that I was mistaken. This required faith in God, the living God, who cares for all the interests of all His children. But it has become one of the greatest joys of my life to lend a helping hand to people in close places, and help young men and women to obtain better equipment for life. Sometimes I have made loans on what seemed

very poor securities, but I have sustained very few losses; and, thank God, my silver and gold have not been allowed to canker.

"At first, I began to lay aside a tenth of my income for the Lord; and I did not know what to do with it because, you know, I did not know the world's needs; and, too, I had not learned to give in fellowship with Christ.

"Time passed on, and my business prospered. My family life was most happy. I was then giving away nearly half of my income; and still we had all we needed to live in simple luxury. I was having a large, modern home built at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. My oldest son, on finishing his education, was called of God to preach the gospel in India. Our worldly nest was stirred indeed by this. We did not try to keep him from being a missionary; but as our church had not opened work in India (he was going with a band of Eleventh Hour Laborers), we asked him if he could not serve God just as acceptably in some field where his own church could use him. He answered that he must obey God, and that he was not afraid to trust God in any field to which he was called. His steady, quiet faith and ready obedience touched us deeply; and when the time came for him to go, we were ready, having sunk a little deeper into Christ.

"This marked another crisis in my life. I was now giving something more valuable than money; and, after he was gone, a strange, new joy began to spring up in my heart, and I lost taste for many of earth's pleasures. I did not care to live in luxury while Henry was practicing rigid self-denial. I had given him a check for the amount that I had expected to give him as a start in life; and I promised to give him, year by year, the salary that I had planned to give him if he had become my assistant in the bank. When Henry reached his field of labor, he found his adopted people suffering from a dreadful famine. I thought that Christ would not allow the privilege of self-denial to a few of His disciples, and then require others to live in self-indulgence just because they had the means. Accordingly, we sold our new home as soon as it was finished to a Northern man for a good price, and sent the money to buy a shelter and food for the famine sufferers." John Byers fairly chuckled as he went on: "Giving was becoming a joy now. I have since sold farms and other property and invested the money in different little corners of Christ's kingdom. My own heart has become more tender and sympathetic as I have tried to learn the world's needs. I have often wept over sufferings that I had not the means to alleviate and sorrows

that money could not help. This fellowship with the world's suffering and need has taught me to love and long for the appearing of my Lord; and, when He comes and while He tarries, it is my dearest hope that He may find every cent of money and every power with which He has endowed me truly invested and daily employed in the affairs of the kingdom."

I thank God for the privilege of knowing and loving this prince of the kingdom that is to come.

August 31st. The meeting closed with the evening service yesterday. Today we go down from the mountain, feeling that it was good to be here.

The Burden and the Heat of the Day.

I said: "Let me walk in the field";

He said: "Nay, walk in the town";

I said: "There are no flowers there";

He said: "No flowers, but a crown."

I said: "But the sky is black,

There is nothing but noise and din";

But He wept as He sent me back,

"There is more," He said, "there is sin."

I said: "But the air is thick,

And fogs are veiling the sun";

He answered: "Yet souls are sick,

And souls in the dark undone."

I said: "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say";
He answered me, "Choose tonight,
If *I* am to miss you, or *they*."

I pleaded for time to be given;
He said: "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the fields,
Then set my face to the town;
He said: "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He,
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.

—GEORGE McDONALD.

"And it came to pass, that on the next day, when they were come down from the hill, much people met him."

September 1st. On yesterday I breathed the sweet mountain air, and enjoyed the fellowship of older, stronger Christian workers. This morning I awoke in the city; and, as I went out to mingle with men, I found much sickness, much sorrow, much sin, calling as ever for the touch of one who has been with Jesus.

First, I called at the hospital to see Lloyd Chalmers, who is very ill with fever. When I saw him last, he seemed to be convalescing; but now he is at the point of death. Sister Mayhew told me that he has told her repeatedly since his illness that he is saved by the Blood. His face brightened this morning at the mention of the name of Jesus.

Clara Armstrong dropped in to say that Gladys is at home and is no better; and that she realizes at last that she will never be any better. I called at her home; but she was so weak that I could not see her. Percy is distressed and grieved beyond measure.

When I reached home there was a 'phone call from Miss Davis, matron of the Door of Hope, to know if I could possibly go to ——, a brothel, to see a poor, penitent girl, who was near the dark valley of death. She had at one time applied for shelter at the Door of Hope when there was no room to take her in, and now she was dying without hope. I dared not refuse to call although I must confess that I shrank from it. I knew that the Master would have gone, and I was never more sweetly conscious of His presence than when I entered that loathsome abode of sin, and pointed that penitent girl (she was not over twenty) to "the

Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."

As I was returning home I heard a bevy of thoughtless, fun-loving young people rehearsing the sermon they heard at St. Paul's Church on last Sunday. No doubt Dr. Watson had said much that was good and true; but these boys and girls had remembered only the funny (?) things he said about the light-hearted crowd who worship under tents.

My heart was full of sadness over the condition of the sheep wandering without a shepherd, and I took no offense; but I felt a deeper sense of sadness when I realized what it meant for a messenger of God to so far forget his high calling, as to offer such trash to dying men and women and call it the gospel.

Tonight I am sorely pressed with a distressing sense of the world's need—its suffering, its sickness, its sorrows, its unrest, its sin. So I gather up the sin-destroyed girl, the poor, emaciated wife, the grief-stricken husband, the poor, lone, dying boy, and the seemingly unhappy, discordant preacher, and lay them all upon the heart of Him who was moved with compassion when He saw the multitude scattered abroad as sheep having no

shepherd, and who wept over Jerusalem when she knew not the day of her visitation.

September 5th. We were grieved this morning to learn of the death of Mrs. Amelia Brown, who was healed of the morphine habit, together with the disease that had brought on the habit, during the Convention of the Eleventh Hour Laborers. It seems that she has had a lingering illness, and refused to consult a physician, or use any remedies, saying that she had taken Christ for her Healer. This is a great occasion to the adversary—an occurrence that I do not understand. I once thought that the whole doctrine of Divine Healing was a strong streak of fanaticism; but since Christ so sweetly manifested Himself to me, it has seemed perfectly fitting to trust God for health for my body as well as for the salvation of my soul. This, perhaps, has called for very little faith, for I have always been strong. But Mary has not for years been able to go through the spring and summer months without medical aid, until this year; and, while she is far from being robust, still there is an elasticity about her step and a brightness in her eyes that I have not seen for years. Yet we have not experienced anything miraculous, but I believe others have. There was a poor epileptic anointed for healing at the same service in which Mrs. Brown

was healed, and I have been reliably informed that he has had no return of the disease. Besides, I have heard of other instances of sudden, miraculous healings, in which there is no fanaticism, but the loving response to a real, living faith in a Saviour who has not changed since He was moved with compassion, and said, "I will: be thou clean," to the poor, hopeless leper in the days of His earthly ministry.

Andrew Murray, and many others of the strongest and most deeply spiritual Christian workers of the present day, teach that bodily healing is one of the merciful provisions that God has prepared for His children who will trust Him for it; yet it is treated by many of His dear children as a dangerous, disgraceful teaching. Oh, human family, when will you come close enough to the heart of your Father to receive from His hand all the blessings that His love has provided?

This morning, while visiting at the City Hospital, I heard the circumstance discussed by Dr. Benson and Dr. John Armstrong. Dr. Benson said indignantly, "This is a dear lesson to these fanatics. If Mrs. Brown had acted with common sense, and called in a physician, when she was first taken, she would very likely have recovered; and anybody knows her family need her."

I fully expected Dr. Armstrong to agree with him, hence I was somewhat surprised at his answer: "She certainly leaves a very dependent family. But sometimes people die who use remedies. From what I can learn Mrs. Brown was affected very much like our patient upstairs. All the physicians on our staff have exhausted their skill on his case, and many remedies have been tried; yet he will die. So, I have no positive assurance that remedies would have saved her life either."

"You think, then, because physicians sometimes lose a case; or that some diseases have, so far, baffled the skill of physicians, that, therefore, we should abandon the whole practice of *materia medica*, and just let people die, without doing anything for them?"

"No," he said, "I do not mean anything of the kind; but I am ready to confess to you that I never in all my experience as a physician felt my limitations and the awful power of disease as I do to-day!"

He spoke sadly; and I knew he was thinking of his brother's wife, young, beautiful Gladys Armstrong, who lay dying—a victim of tuberculosis. The best physicians in the United States have prescribed for her—the pure mountain air has been tried; but all to no avail.

I listened to this conversation, as I was waiting in the hall, and the physicians were talking in the office. In a few moments I was passing on among the patients in the wards, meeting with many conditions of human misery and need.

I came home feeling deeply the burden of the world's suffering. I went to my study, and read, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me." Ah, yes; here is comfort, here is help — "believe also in me." He has borne it all; He is strong; and I am comforted just because His heart beats tenderly and sympathetically over every human need, human weakness, and human sorrow. I find that He listens so patiently whenever I go to Him with a real need whether it be mine or my brother's. Blessed be His name forever!

"Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?"

September 8th. This morning Mary and I were called to the bedside of Gladys Armstrong. I have called a number of times without seeing her. I have repeatedly prayed that God would lead her to repentance; yet I do not believe that I have prayed as earnestly and lovingly as Mary; for frequently I have gone from my study, late at night, to find her pleading with tears for this woman's salvation.

The last time I had seen Gladys Armstrong, she was a haughty, faultlessly dressed woman of fashion, scorning the offer of salvation. Today I saw a pale, emaciated creature, lying amidst luxurious surroundings—a sad, hopeless invalid, bewailing a wasted life. The sight melted my heart into tender pity towards this woman, whom I have perhaps judged too harshly.

She requested to be left with us alone. Mary sat near the bed, and took one thin, wasted hand in hers asking gently if there were anything she wanted.

"I wanted to talk to you," she said. "I have a great deal to say. I am going to die; and I am not ready to die, nor fit to live. I have wasted my life! Things look so strangely different from a death-bed!

"I was called a leader in society, but I see the farce goes merrily on while the leader is out of the way. It used to please me so much to be called the queen of fashion; but instead of being fashion's queen, I was her most menial slave; and she is a cruel ruler—a despot, paying no heed to the welfare of her subjects, either in body, mind, or soul. Yes, I might have lived longer if I had lived differently."

Her mother came into the room just then, and

said, "Gladys, my darling, you are talking too much. You must be quiet."

"Mother," she said, "I must say what I am saying. It will not shorten my life a single breath. You may just leave the room, please."

As her mother was leaving the room, she turned to Mary and said, "I did not have any real Christian training at home. My mother—but no, I have no time to speak of the sins of another; I have enough of my own to confess. What was I saying? Oh, dear! there is so much to tell. I have been dreadfully wicked; and found pleasure in sin for a while; but, for the last six months I have been so miserable. I have made it so hard for Percy to be a Christian, and nobody guessed how wretched I was. It is so dreadful to die like this."

Mary said in a low, sweet voice, "Dear, since you have come to realize your condition, and feel your need of a Saviour, why not come to Him now, and let Him save you from sin?"

"Me?" she cried almost fiercely; "save me, when I have spent my life as I have; and now, when I am on my death-bed, as everyone knows; do you suppose that God would receive such a sinner?"

The last clause was uttered in an eager, appealing tone, with her large, bright eyes looking into mine. Never did I pray more earnestly for the gospel to

be the power of God unto salvation, than when I attempted to answer the question of that dying woman.

"Dear Sister," I answered, "God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Christ's mission to the world was not to condemn, but to save. God says, 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.' This offer of pardon is not limited to any particular time or place. Nowhere in His Word does He say anything about rejecting the dying sinner's cry for mercy and pardon. In the infinite love and mercy of our Father in heaven, perhaps this sickness has been allowed to wreck your body in order that you might learn the value of your soul." I tried to show her the matchless, eternal love, and free, unmerited grace of God. Then we knelt down and commended her to this loving, merciful Father.

September 9th. This morning Mary said to me in a quiet, decided tone: "I do believe that Gladys Armstrong is saved. I was so burdened for her salvation last night that I could not sleep. It seemed that my heart would burst for very pity over that poor, lost soul. I felt the presence of the world's Saviour with me as I prayed, and I wondered if my sorrow over this lost woman could be a little drop of the world's sorrow which He car-

ried in His own heart. As I continued to wait upon God, by and by, somehow, the burden was lifted; and it must be that she is saved."

Mary called again this afternoon; and she said that while she was sitting by the bed, Gladys looked up into her face and said in a low, quiet voice, "I am forgiven. I feel it, I know it."

September 15th. Mrs. Mayhew was here today, and told us of a very strange occurrence. The good woman is deeply impressed with the plain leadings of Providence in the case. She said: "Yesterday afternoon I felt the least bit blue and discouraged. My heart was full of longing for my children. Alice had just left for the Training School, and George and Miriam had moved into their new home. The house seemed so strangely silent and suggestive. It seemed an age since I had seen or even heard from Frank. Then I missed Lloyd so much. It seemed as if I would be almost obliged to take Alice back from the Lord, although I knew, and had frequently told her, that she could be a real help and blessing to me, only while doing God's will. I went to the Lord in prayer, telling Him how weak and troubled I felt, and asked for strength and comfort. I did not know that comfort was to come in a real tangible form. But I arose from my knees, feeling a glad relief, and went out to meet Brother Mitchell

and Brother Callahan, and some members of the W. C. T. U. at our Mission rooms. After the business was finished, and I had started home, I noticed that it was getting late, so I decided to take a street car at the next corner. When I reached the corner, I found that the car had just passed. I stood still for a moment to decide whether to wait for another car, or to walk on home, when my attention was arrested by two girls standing nearby, evidently puzzled about something. One of them said: 'This must be the place where she promised to meet us. I gave the address to the conductor.' The other girl said in a bewildered tone: 'What shall we do, Ethel? It is nearly night.'

"I went to them, and asked if they had lost their way. One of them burst into tears, while the other related their adventure. They are two cousins from the country. The one who spoke first is an orphan and has been making her home with her aunt, the mother of the other girl; but the family being large, and their means limited, they were very anxious to get into a position to support themselves, and help the home folks, too. They saw some very good positions advertised; and, when they answered the advertisement, they received a prompt reply from a lady who agreed to provide a nice boarding place for them, and furthermore promised to meet them at

that point. I hurried them home with me; for I was alarmed for them. They are refined, modest girls, utterly unacquainted with the dangers and pitfalls that lurk in almost every street of the city.

"Yesterday a suspicious character was arrested, and this morning she confessed that she was an agent of the 'White Slave' trade; and that two girls from the country were expecting her to meet them at a certain point. I felt sure that these girls were the intended victims. But I have not told them yet of the death trap that had been laid for them as they are so homesick anyway. I have had them write to the anxious mother and tell her of their safety. I assured them that I would help them find employment when I have mothered them awhile and found out what they are best adapted to. If they need further training I have made up my mind to give it to them.

"I told them that God had sent my daughter across the sea, and that I felt that He had sent them to me, and I wanted to be as much help to them as they have already been to me. I find that there are too many lives needing help and cheer for me to be lonely."

How many beautiful homes are lonely and unsatisfactory because they are not opened in loving helpfulness to those who need a "home"!

The narrow escape of these two innocent, unsuspecting girls haunts me as a nightmare, as it reminds me of the thousands of victims of this infernal traffic. O God, how long?

September 18th. Sometime ago I wrote a letter to Dr. Heath, asking him for a little light on the subject of Divine Healing. This morning I received the following letter from him:

"Volumes might, and in fact, have been written on the subject of Divine Healing, yet the subject has not been exhausted. I shall confine myself closely to your questions; and answer them as God gives me wisdom to find what is written in His Word.

"First, where is it taught that bodily healing is included in the atonement?

"There are many passages where it is plainly taught in God's Word; but one is sufficient, as it gives the prophecy concerning the atonement, and tells of the fulfilment. Matt. 8:16, 17, 'When even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils, and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.'

"Second, if bodily healing is included in the

atonement, why does not everyone receive it, when they receive Christ as their Saviour?

“‘According to your faith’ is for all time the law of the kingdom. The faith of the great majority of God’s dear children has narrowed down to expect no more from Him than what they usually see: therefore the channel, being blocked up, many of the blessings that His great, generous, loving heart is ready to give are held back.

“Third, if it be God’s will for His children to live in health, why is it that so many holy men and women have spent lives of physical suffering?

“Of course, it is far more blessed to have our souls saved and our hearts cleansed than to have our bodies healed; yet it seems a pity to fail to appropriate anything that God’s love and bounty have provided for His children. As to what God’s will is, we may note carefully the whole record of Christ’s ministry; and we do not find a single instance where He told an afflicted one, who came to Him for healing, that He would give strength to bear it patiently. On the other hand, He healed every one; and, when giving deliverance to the ‘daughter of Abraham,’ He mentioned the fact that Satan (not God) had bound her eighteen years. Even under the old dispensation, where all was

shadow and promise, health was offered as a blessing to the obedient.

"Fourth, why not use remedies? Has not medical science done a great deal for humanity?

"I am free to say that nothing that man has ever undertaken and accomplished has been a greater blessing to the human family than what has been done by the devoted physicians and nurses of Christendom both through public hospitals and private ministrations. The trouble with human remedies lies in the fact that they are so often inadequate. There are so many suffering and dying from diseases that the highest skill is still powerless to reach; and, although many hospitals are bringing untold relief and blessing to humanity, still there are so many pitiful cases that cannot obtain the relief that is administered there. We find that this, like all other human helps, falls short somewhere. So it seems to me, that our greatest need is to receive a touch from the Hand that hath formed us. This, I believe, is God's plan for His children. Yet He would not have them in bondage. I believe it would be better for anyone who has not the faith to receive healing from God to use human agencies.

"Fifth, when a person believes in Divine Healing, why should he fail to receive it?

"This, like many of the precious privileges of

God's children, has been abused. Devotion to a doctrine has been mistaken for faith in Christ. A person may refuse to use remedies, and yet fail to touch the hem of the garment of the Son of God with the finger of real faith. While faith is the one universal condition, still many things may hinder faith. One great hindrance is being surrounded by unbelief in others; for, while God honors the faith of one individual, still we are influenced by our surroundings sometimes more than we realize. Then, there are self-indulgence, worldliness, anxiety, spiritual pride, selfishness, lack of love to all mankind—all these things hinder our approach to God. This is the teaching of the blessed Book as I understand it: a firm, unshaken faith in Christ as Lord of all, and a complete Saviour, manifested by a loving, uncompromising obedience to Him, having the whole being swayed and dominated by His great love to man. This last is most important. We read that God 'turned the captivity of Job, when he prayed for his friends,' who had misjudged him.

"Now, Brother, may God help you to see and to receive all that His great love is longing to pour into your life; and as He teaches you, may He enable you to give His blessed teaching to a needy, suffering world."

This man's life and teaching always help me to

understand God's teaching better. Surely this belief is founded on the Word of God.

September 19th. We buried Gladys Armstrong today. She was conscious to the last; and with her last breath confessed her unworthiness, and at the same time maintained an unwavering trust in Christ as her Saviour. I humbly thank God.

September 26th. I note with sadness that many of the students, who confessed Christ during the meeting last spring and really seemed joyous and glad in His service, have not attended church since their return; and I have learned that they are indulging in hurtful, worldly amusements. The same condition of things exists among many of the young converts of my own congregation who have been in the city all summer. What is the cause? No doubt, it is all the work of the enemy of souls. Yet there are many causes.

First, perhaps the work of grace in their hearts was not so deep as they once thought it to be.

Second, they have felt the chilling effects of the cold atmosphere in which they have to spend their lives. The prevailing spirit of worldliness among their associates, and often in their closest ties, has influenced them.

Third, the great indifference, and, in some instances, direct opposition of their spiritual leaders

to vital spirituality. Not being helped, and urged into an established religious experience, they have wavered, and then fallen back.

To what extent am I responsible for these things? Have I warned them faithfully? Have I prayed for them perseveringly? Have I watched over their souls as one that must give account? Lord, help me to see my responsibility, my privilege in this matter as well as Thy almighty power and infinite love.

While God has blessed my work abundantly, I have not realized the great longing of my heart—the whole church in every department of her work, moving forward under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

The prayer-meeting is well attended, and is a means of spiritual refreshing, yet only a few of the official members attend it.

The Sunday School, under the leadership of Andrew Goldsmith, is a source of real blessing; yet it is not without friction. Perhaps Andrew has not learned the marvelous art of “speaking the truth in love.”

A few of the members of the Women’s Missionary Societies have felt the touch of the nail-pierced hand, and have arisen to take a real part in the work of the world’s redemption. Yet, I am **painfully conscious that only a few are doing this**

work with their hearts in it. The great mass of the women of the church are still deaf to the voice of God as He calls for lives wholly devoted to Him.

But perhaps it is the Young People's Society, with its wonderful opportunities of devotion and service, that is the most disappointing. What a power for good it might be if its leaders were Spirit-filled persons!

Who can measure the good that might flow from its social meetings if, instead of meeting together to amuse themselves, the members gathered in the strangers, the poor, the neglected, the tempted, and the lonely ones of this thronging city, and showed them the loving, gracious hospitality of Christ?

In the department of Charity and Help, there is such a broad field for those who have made themselves the servants of humanity for Christ's sake. "For the poor always ye have with you."

In the devotional meetings, gracious results might follow, if only they met together to seek the face of God instead of merely rendering a program on a given subject.

O Spirit of God, warm my heart with Thine own fervent heat, that out of it Thy love may flow into these young lives and show unto them "a more excellent way."

October 1st. Little Theo. Walton died this morning. While I was with the family this afternoon, I heard the distressed mother utter the following wail of sorrow and remorse, as she bent over the little casket: "My poor child! I was so busy putting unnecessary work on this little dress that I would not lay it down to take a walk with you when you asked me. You needed the fresh air, and I did too, to rest my tired nerves. Now the very garment, on which I lavished time that I should have spent with you, serves as your shroud while your poor mother would give anything for one little hour of your company."

May the Spirit of the loving, gracious Father in heaven come to this mother while her heart is softened by grief, and relax the overanxious thoughts, and teach her to "consider the lilies of the field"; and, trusting the great All-Father's care, learn to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

October 3rd. There is joy in the presence of the angels; for Frank Mayhew has come home, a saved man!

Last evening at prayer-meeting he said:

"People who have never been bound by an evil habit have no idea what the word 'bondage' means. Time and again I have tried, in my own strength,

to break my bonds and become a free man; but the desire for drink was continually overcoming every good resolution. I have frequently left the card-table, disgusted with the low, mean business, and loathing myself for ever indulging in it. I have determined never to gamble again. But after a time some strange, restless feeling would possess me with a desire to win back what I had lost; and every resolution would be swept away, and I would become more hopelessly involved in the hideous mazes of that man-destroying habit than ever.

"Usually a little success would excite me to larger ventures, and I would risk all and lose all that I had won; consequently I often left the card-table in debt. This makes it sound strange when I say that the game that broke the mystic spell was in my favor. My victim was a stranger. We had played until he had lost all the money he had with him, and was in debt to me for a few dollars, which he asked me to walk home with him to get. I waited at the door while he went in to get the money from his wife. I heard her say, in a tone that I shall never forget—yes, her words of despair and disappointment are ringing in my ears tonight: 'You promised, when you left the house, that you would settle with the grocer, get something for breakfast, and order some milk for the baby. Now

you have come back still in debt to the grocer; nothing for breakfast, no milk for the baby, and ask for the little sum I was keeping to pay on the rent to-morrow. Oh, if you would only stop and think of what you are doing! You have gambled away a comfortable home, lost an honorable position by drinking and gambling, pawned our wedding ring, allowed our wardrobe to be reduced to the barest demands of decency, and now you even take the milk from our baby's lips to pay for your fun. If it were not for the children I'—here she broke down and wept convulsively. I had known all along that just such things were going on—hearts were bleeding, children suffering, and a thousand other tragedies daily occurring, just because of drink and its kindred evils; but nothing had ever affected me before like the note of despair in that wife's broken sentences. I am sure the change in my feelings was due to the fact that another woman, whose heart had been broken by my wrong-doing, my precious mother, had taken hold of the strong arm of God in behalf of her sinful child. I cannot account for it in any other way.

“I felt as mean as if I had been a murderer. When the man came out with the money I made him take every cent that I had won from him and give it back to his wife.

"I never played cards again. My conscience was beginning to wake up. I saw behind me wasted opportunities for the development of my character, the strengthening of my will, the cultivation of my mind, the salvation of my soul. I found myself a captive, bound with chains my own hands had forged, but were unable to break—this was remorse. Sometimes I had earnest desires for a better life, and hope would revive; but the strong appetite for drink, and the continual presence of the temptation, several times overcame every good resolution, and I was borne down by the terrible force of evil habit.

"Once, when I was getting over one of these debauches, feeling so helpless and lonely, I decided to go to church. I heard a good sermon for children and innocent young people, but my ears were intent to catch some little help for a sinner, but I heard none. I remember the preacher saying that he had not broken a single thread in his mother's apron string, and I am sure he spoke the truth; for he was a great, strong, pure, manly man, with a kindly face and tender heart. He directed the children aright, and I hope with all my heart that every one there that morning will always heed his advice; for I can truly testify that 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'

“As he talked, it seemed to me that I was out among the breakers, and that there was a champion swimmer, successfully stemming the tide; but he carried no life-line, and seemed to wonder why anyone should need one. I wish I could say to every minister of the gospel, ‘By all means, in season and out of season, warn young people against sowing wild oats; keep them from it, if possible; but let me beg, in the name of Him who “came to seek and to save that which was lost,” do not say that men have little hope of being saved, after they have reached a certain age.’ I do not believe that the salvation of a single sinner, however abandoned, or however old he may be when saved, has ever been the cause of another person leading a sinful life.

“I left the church well nigh hopeless, and spent another week among the breakers, tossed about with the driving winds of temptation, and stung by the furies of remorse—a hopeless, despairing man. Then I caught the gleam of another light across the waves. I had heard of guilty men, lost, ruined men being saved at the Bowery Mission. Once on a wintry night hunger and desire for warmth and light had overcome my pride, and I had joined the midnight bread-line; but, immediately afterward I had gone on my way and kept away from the Mission for the same reason that I stayed

away from home, because, in my benighted heart, sin and its associations were preferable to light, and purity, and comfort. But I was homesick now, and I wanted help. So, on Sunday evening I went to the Bowery Mission again. Many 'Bowery boys' told how they had been saved from sin by the precious blood of Jesus. It began to dawn upon my darkened conscience that all these lives had been marred by sin, and that if Christ would save one sinner He would save another; so I came as I was: in my guilt, with no excuse for it,—and plunged into the cleansing Fountain, and, thank God! it was sufficient."

His voice was tense with suppressed emotion as he went on, after a moment's pause, "I wish I could tell you more about this precious blood, and what it did for me; but I can't express it. I can't explain it. I only know that I knelt down a wretched, helpless, sin-burdened man, and I arose changed—just by the blood of Jesus. Yes, the burning thirst for liquor was all gone, the indescribable restlessness was all stilled; I was a pardoned, changed man, just because Jesus died for me."

A close observer notes in Frank's eyes a look of deep, thoughtful sadness. This surprised me a little at first, knowing that he really has peace with God through Jesus Christ: and I wondered at it

a good deal. Then I thought perhaps it was the remembrance of wasted years; or the knowledge—painful, distressing knowledge, gained by costly experience—of the evil that is in the world; or perhaps his thoughts are still haunted by the groans of shipwrecked men and women, who are dashing their lives out upon the rocks of sin and despair.

“But the bird, with the broken pinion, kept another from
the snare;
And the life, that sin had stricken, raised another from
despair,
For Christ, the mighty Healer, has a balm for every pain;
And the soul, that He has healed, higher still shall soar
again.”

October 5th. How good is the Lord! I am reminded today of a very gracious manifestation of His love and wisdom in answering a prayer for help and wisdom in dealing with a very trying phase of my work here. The influence of the “Belle Vue Hotel,” and the club, of which Percy Armstrong was president, was a constant menace to the spiritual, and, I might add, moral life of many of the young people of this city.

Yet because of the lack of spirituality among the majority of the members of the church, I really did not know how to deal with these young people, until I saw them in the light of a Saviour’s love; and

then I began to pray that God would save them. I realized a partial answer to this prayer when Percy Armstrong was converted last spring and when a few months later his young wife was saved on her death-bed. The other day I was wondering how the "Belle Vue" could be conducted without its bar, and its usual frivolities, and how Percy could stand the pressure of a season's temptations. I laid this matter, too, upon the heart of God. I learned today that Dr. John Armstrong has bought the "Belle Vue" and will convert it into a private sanatorium, while Percy has gone into the Real Estate business. Again "I thank God, and take courage."

October 7th. Our little prayer circle spent two blessed hours in sweet communion and earnest prayer this morning. "And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me." Even so let it be, Lord Jesus.

October 10th. I suppose there is not a man nor woman in the city, even among the day laborers, who work more busily than George Mayhew and his devoted wife. Yet, it is all a labor of love—persistent, patient love for humanity, often in its

most trying aspect. The operatives of the May Flower Mill are learning that the regulations and improvements that have been made are not merely for the sake of obtaining hands but for the bettering of the conditions of the people; and that they have been suggested by the love and pity of a brother man.

Today Mary and I took dinner at the May Flower Home with George and Miriam Mayhew. They make it a rule to take dinner there at least once a week. A simple, wholesome meal was served in beautiful order. Everywhere there was an air of purity and refinement.

On the southeast corner of the building is the Day Nursery, a large sunny room, furnished with little dainty white cribs, baby-jumpers, low chairs and toys.

Here the little ones of all sizes, who have working mothers, are brought at an early hour. They are given a daily bath; and in a large locker there is kept a supply of plain white garments of different sizes for any who may need a change and not have the garments. There are two little orphans being reared in the Home.

On one side of the Home, they are building a gymnasium, library, and public bath; on the other side, an infirmary, where the sick can find a com-

fortable, sanitary home, proper food, and good nursing.

George told me that the mill was never more prosperous.

October 11th. Yesterday I stood and rejoiced with busy, happy, successful workers; today I am reminded of some who long to mingle with other laborers, and work too; but they "lack opportunity." And, it seems that for the present at least, they are called to stand still and endure and wait while their purposes are baffled and their actions questioned.

How little we know how saints are made! God, we are sure, has no favorites; and, in His eternal plans, He will work out successfully and lovingly the little problems of His children, who love Him, and put their trust in Him. He never forgets.

October 17th. Yesterday I yielded to a strong impulse, and "opened the doors of the church." To my surprise, Sister Bertha came forward, gave me her hand, and knelt humbly at the altar.

Mary and I had talked with her about finding a church home, but, learning that she had at one time been a member of a different denomination, we left the matter for her own decision while we concerned ourselves about her coming to a saving knowledge of Christ. Then, too, I did not know that she would

be welcome in St. Paul's Church. However, I believe many hearts were touched at the sight of the kneeling, penitent figure, and welcomed her, as one alive from the dead.

I have often wondered at the remarkable development in the spiritual life of this woman, and of others who have been deeply dyed in sin; and I believe the secret lies in the fact of their utter self-despair (that comes so hard to those who have not yet learned with St. Paul that "in me dwelleth no good thing"); consequently, they receive touches from the Hand divine; and we "behold what God hath wrought!"

Sister Bertha is daily proving a help and blessing in our home; and I believe her faith, prayers, and life will be a blessing to the church.

Monday, October 28th. Yesterday was a day of blessed privilege and joyful service. Immediately after dinner, the chaplain of the penitentiary called to ask me to preach to the convicts.

It seems to me that I had never felt the significance of the little injunction—"Put yourself in his place" so keenly as when I faced those poor fellows in stripes. I thought of the environment, the inherited inclinations, the temptations, and all that had brought them there. Why had my inheritance been different from theirs? The gracious Spirit

melted my heart with a deep pity for them, and I tried to show the Christ in the message that I gave them from this passage: "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." May the God of all grace lead them to repentance and graciously pardon all of their offenses against the laws of the state and their sins against Him.

Immediately after this service, I met with the young people in their devotional meeting. The subject for the day was "Our Indebtedness to God." We studied these two passages: "How much owest thou unto my Lord?" "Who loved me and gave himself for me." We all knelt while we sang Frances Havergal's Hymn of Consecration,

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee";

and I really believe that to many of these precious young hearts the words were sung with a new intensity of meaning; and in the depths of my heart I prayed earnestly, "O Saviour of men, do teach them, every one, so to number their days, that they may indeed apply their hearts unto wisdom."

At the evening service young Mr. Ito, who has just returned from the Bible School, made an earnest appeal for his people from the text: "There is none other name under heaven, given among men,

whereby we must be saved." He drew the contrast between a heathen's death and burial, and a Christian's. "None of the gods of the heathen have ever been heard to say, 'I am the resurrection and life,' or 'Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you, and I will come again, and receive you unto myself.' No one but a Saviour could say that!"

He has been in correspondence with the Secretary of the Board of Missions, and it has been agreed that he will begin work at an early date as missionary to his own people, Andrew Goldsmith having pledged his support.

I was never happier in my work as pastor, or had more to encourage me than I have now. True, there is much unfinished work to do—much land to be possessed. But I was never more assured of the fact that "the government" is upon the Shoulders of One infinitely strong, and wise, and loving: therefore, I work with great assurance, and loving confidence. All shall be well. I am at rest—absolutely at rest.

October 31st. "Rooted and grounded in love!" O Spirit of God, search my heart! I have often noticed that whenever I feel that I have a certain grace in possession, something always occurs to test

and try me to the very utmost of my ability to stand along that special line.

I believe that no grace has to be tried, and tested, and purified like Love. Nothing requires such a delicate sense of discernment, as distinguishing between the sinner and his sin—to hate, to utterly repudiate a person's ways, his sin; and to love the person. And yet by God's abounding grace, weak, fallen man may accomplish even this. "This is my commandment that **ye love one another as I have loved you.**" What He commands, thank God! He fulfils in us, if we but yield to it, and receive it from Him.

Of late everything seemed to be moving along smoothly and quietly enough in the work of St. Paul's Church. For some time I have heard no word of criticism; and I was just beginning to wonder if I were failing to "declare the whole counsel of God," thereby bringing upon myself the woe that so few of us dread—"Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!"

I learned today that this seeming peace has been the ominous stillness that precedes the approaching storm.

For the first time in my work as a minister of the gospel, a petition has been circulated among certain influential members of my congregation to have me

removed from my work. The charges, as I understand them, are about these: By giving heed to strange teaching, I have become a narrow sophist, and this has caused my preaching to become weak, fanatical, and sensational. As a result, I am bringing into the church an undesirable element (mentioning Sister Bertha, and some others who have been attracted by the offer of salvation). There are some objections to doubtful characters being domiciled at the parsonage of St. Paul's Church. All these things have caused a serious division in the church. Therefore they deem it best for the church for me to be removed, and the place filled by a strong, able preacher.

When I first learned of these proceedings, I experienced a keen sense of disappointment. I have, by the grace of God, cultivated a spirit of forbearance and love toward each member of St. Paul's Church who has opposed my ministry, praying for each one by name. Thank God! a few who were opposers at one time have withdrawn their opposition, and are quietly studying to see "if these things be true."

The more I thought of this plot, the more I realized its unfairness; and when left alone, my mind dwelt upon my own grievances. Instead of listening to the Master's words, "Pray for them which

despitefully use you, and persecute you," I went and told the Lord how I had been treated, how my ministry had been rejected. Of course I did not get much help or comfort from such a prayer. I thought I would find Mary, and tell her about it; but in the hall I met Andrew Goldsmith and Percy Armstrong, who had come to tell me more about the petition, and its signers, and to lay a little plan before me. They had talked the matter over with my friends; and feeling that a great injustice had been done me by this plot, over a hundred men, —some from St. Paul's Church, some from other churches, and some belonging to no church—had pledged themselves for my support, and agreed to build a large undenominational tabernacle near the center of the city if I would consent to become its pastor.

This proposition, coming to me when my feelings were wrought up, and self was on the defensive, brought with it a peculiar temptation—a longing for freedom and independence, a keen relish for the approval of men. Then, too, I realized that it was a great opportunity to work untrammelled among the lost of this thronging, sinful city. There was a crying need for just such a mission; and I knew of men who had been eminently successful in this kind of work. Another thing: I thought of the

many friends I had in the city, warm, congenial friends; it would be so pleasant to work the rest of my life with them. Yet, I dared not decide without prayer; so I told them that, while I realized the magnificence of their offer, and appreciated, beyond measure, the love that prompted it, still I would have to wait, and pray over the matter before I could decide.

After a period of self-examination I was almost startled to find that, in all the reasons for accepting this offer that had recommended themselves to my mind, not once had I asked in silence of heart, "Is this God's plan? Would He have me act independently of my church in this matter?" A fierce struggle ensued: I wanted to stay in the city and become the pastor of this independent church. I thought that no work promised such freedom of conscience and opportunity of fruitful service as this plan of my friends. Yet, listen as intently as I might, I could not hear God's voice calling me to it. After a season of debate and questioning, the upheaval of injured feelings all subsided, and in its stead I realized a pitiful, forgiving spirit towards the men and women who had sought to injure me; all resistance gave way, and I consented to become a daily, living sacrifice, that I might prove God's will in the ordering of the

smallest details of my life. Yes, again, I remembered that I had placed my reputation in God's hands, and I consented as my Master to make myself of no reputation. When I reached this point, I could hear the still, small voice; but it did not call me to the work that seemed so inviting. Yet it promised to lead me into paths of blessed service, by overruling all the decisions of men and giving me the very field that He had designed for me. In His will I rejoiced and found sweet peace.

In this quiet hour, I studied the criticisms that had been made upon my life and ministry, determining that whether they had been made in love or not I would by the grace of God use them as stepping-stones to greater things in God's service. I found that my heart and mind and sympathy were not so broad, liberal, and tender as they might have been had I gazed oftener and longer into the face of Christ; my ministry likewise was not so powerful and convincing as God could have made it had I tarried in His presence in greater stillness and perseverance.

Yet, there were actions criticized that I would not dare to change, even if I could be permitted to do the year's work over. I thank God for every poor, benighted, marred life that I have been permitted to point to Christ, no matter how out-of-place these

poor creatures are thought to be in St. Paul's Church. I believe that if they are "faithful unto death," they will feel perfectly at home on the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem. And, as for Sister Bertha, I believe that the parsonage and its inmates have been blessed and not harmed by her presence. The house was never more beautifully kept. I trust that she will never know that we have been censured for her presence in the home and membership in the church.

When Mary came home I learned that she had heard all about the petition, but that it had not disturbed her peace of mind in the least.

November 2nd. Last night Percy Armstrong, Henry Walton, and Andrew Goldsmith called to learn my decision in regard to the offer they had made me. I must confess that it was hard to tell them my decision. I told them how their love and confidence had touched my heart, and that nothing could persuade me to refuse their offer but a firm conviction that it was God's will for me to abide by the decision of my church.

Henry Walton said rather impatiently, "I can't see how it can be God's will for you to yield to the dictates of an angry, jealous Presiding Elder."

"There are over a hundred names on this peti-

tion, asking you to become their pastor," said Percy Armstrong.

Andrew Goldsmith said, "You could still serve the church in a local relation."

I hastened to answer before another argument could be presented in favor of my accepting, for I was almost afraid that I would yield. I said firmly, "My dear friends, since you presented this plan to me, I have considered it seriously. Others have done this kind of work beautifully and acceptably, because God called them to it and His providence placed them in it. But He calls me to itinerate, and I dare not consult my feelings in the matter; my personal preferences must be sacrificed in the interests of the Kingdom.

"I have noted that when certain persons desired Jesus to depart out of their coasts, He obeyed and gave the same rule to His apostles. I have, in a measure of faithfulness, borne witness to the truth here in the city; now I must pull up stakes, and pitch my tent in another field."

It was not easy to talk thus to these faithful, loving friends, and my course seemed harder to pursue than ever when Henry Walton lingered after the others had taken their leave to say: "Brother Ellwood, I don't know what I will do after you are gone. You are the only man that

ever seemed to care for my soul. You are the best friend I have in the world."

I told him that he must ever remember that no earthly circumstance could separate him from an Almighty Saviour, and that the way to be kept firm and secure in his own Christian life was to commit himself to God, to interest himself in the salvation of others, and to pray earnestly for the coming pastor and each member of the church.

Henry is not a man of broad views; and he has not yet learned the lesson, that, alas, is so hard for most of us to learn: that doing as one pleases is only true liberty when one delights to do God's will, and that God's will is generally made known to us through His providences or human instrumentalities.

I kneeled down and committed all these weak, faltering ones to the care of their Saviour and mine, and asked Him to let us all feel the strength of His arm.

While I was at rest concerning my future work, absolutely at rest, still I felt concerned about my church, the church I loved and had prayed for. What would be her future under the control of the proud officials and "honorable women," who evidently were working for my removal chiefly because they were offended at the cross of Christ?

I opened my study window, and looked long and thoughtfully at St. Paul's Church in all of its architectural grace, and æsthetic beauty. I thought of the Son of David on the day of His short-lived earthly triumph. When He caught sight of the city that was beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, its marvelous beauty awakened no pride, called forth no pleasing anticipations: for He realized that "it knew not the day of its visitation," and that on the morrow, its proud rulers would move the people to say: "Crucify him." He knew too what it meant for them to refuse the light of God's truth—to reject the world's Saviour! Remembering the desolation that awaited them, "when he beheld the city, he wept over it." The pity of Israel's King melted my heart; and I wept over this city and prayed that God would send to St. Paul's Church a messenger, whose words would reach ears that mine had failed to reach.

November 6th. For two days I have been under a cloud. I have suffered, being tempted. Satan was not willing that the victory over last week's temptation should be gained and held without some further contradictions on his part. Accordingly he met me when I awoke yesterday morning with suggestions of anxiety and doubt, accusing me of cowardice and compromise in my recent deci-

sion. All day yesterday and today my feeble bark has been driven by fierce winds apparently in absolute desertion. Yet I know the Master will arise and rebuke the winds and the sea.

November 7th. "Thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ!" This morning I am quietly resting in my Saviour, as weak as a little child, strong only in His strength, a conqueror only because Jesus lives and reigns.

November 12th. Last week I had a rather unusual experience in preparing sermons for yesterday morning and evening. I have of late formed the habit of selecting texts and preparing sermons in as close communion with God as possible. Last week I was impressed in a peculiar way with the solemnity of my calling as a minister of the gospel, and longed that this last service might be one not of sentimental farewells but of real power. I read God's Word and prayed, but still the vision tarried. Throughout the week I had many interruptions, and when alone in my study, it seemed utterly impossible to make any tangible preparations for the coming Sunday. At last on Friday night in utter despair I cried, "O God, let me speak Thy message, or seal my lips forever." After this my mind settled on this passage for a text: "Other foundation

can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ" (I Cor. 3:11).

On Saturday morning I went to my study intending to prepare an outline for a sermon from that text; but as soon as my morning devotions were over, George Mayhew called me over the telephone to conduct the noon prayer-meeting at the May Flower Mill. I went, and on my way home I met Tom Callahan, who asked me to preach Saturday evening at Howard Street. I did not dare neglect these opportunities for uplifting Christ before men. I entered the pulpit on Sunday morning and evening with almost no preparation except a week of waiting upon God.

This afternoon I had a call from Frank Graham, one of the most influential leaders of the Young People's Society, and the superintendent of the city schools. He came to tell me that at the service yesterday morning he received a new revelation of Christ. He said, "My personal religion has consisted of a code of morals founded on the teaching of Christ, or, rather I might say, Christian tradition. I hoped that Christ would help me work these principles out in actual life and conduct. Yesterday, for the first time in my life, I was enabled to see God's great provision for the need of the whole world; I saw Christ as a Saviour."

"Thank God," I whispered reverently. I had often asked God to bring this young man into a real knowledge of Christ; and when He remembered me and gave me this wonderful token at this most trying time in my ministry, it seemed so sweet, so marvelously good that my whole being seemed to be filled with praises.

I leave the city in a few days for my new field of labor. The church of which I shall have the oversight has a membership of about five hundred. May God help me to preach the Word!

CHAPTER X.

"As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." "Then he said, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."

"A Man of sorrows, of toil, and tears,
An outcast Man, and a lonely;
But He looked on me, and through endless years,
Him must I love—Him only.

"And I would abide where He abode,
And follow His steps forever;
His people my people, His God my God,
In the land beyond the river.

"And where He died, would I also die,
Far dearer a place beside Him,
Than a kingly place amongst living men,
The place which they denied Him."

November 30th. Today I find myself in the city again, after an absence of nine years, except for a short visit to assist in a revival meeting. These have been the busiest, happiest years of my life, but now the Lord has stirred my nest and called me into a new field of service.

For some time I have been receiving a number of

calls to assist in special meetings. These calls appealed to me strongly; I dared not treat them lightly; yet I could not accept them and attend properly to my duties as pastor. There seemed to be a conflict. I knew that in God's plan all was harmony; and remembering that God has a specific work for each individual, I honestly sought to know His will for me.

I love pastoral work: more and more I have realized the need of feeding the lambs, tending the sheep, and persistently seeking the lost until it is found. Moreover there has always been in my heart a desire to stay in the same field for years so that I might see the fruit of my sowing. After calmly waiting upon God I have concluded that it is His will for me to leave to stronger, more capable men the work of organization and conservation while I do this one thing to which He has called me—preach the Word, sow the seed of the Kingdom for other hands to water, knowing that "God giveth the increase."

In the sweetness of His promised presence, in the peace of His perfect will, I am content to leave the settled feeling of the quiet parsonage home, to accept, in humble, obedient faith "the world as my parish."

After reaching this decision, a chain of circum-

stances, which seemed to be the leadings of Providence, led us to make our home in the city for the present.

It is a great pleasure to renew the acquaintances of the friends of other days, whose love has been so abiding, and whose experiences have been so closely woven with mine.

I find that here, as elsewhere, individuals, institutions, and incorporations are suffering from the present conditions brought about by the gigantic war in Europe. The situation is certainly serious enough to cause grave apprehensions. Yet we are assured that there is a "King of kings." I shudder to think what the future holds for the man or men responsible for the bloodshed, the privation, the heart-breaks of this most deplorable war! At a time when my mind was disturbed by perplexing questions concerning the signs of the times, causing doubts as to my own experience, I wrote a letter to my old friend, Dr. Heath, stating my doubts and perplexities and asking for advice and help in settling them.

I received the following note of friendly counsel and helpful encouragement:

"'I thank God upon every remembrance of you, my Brother.' Yes, I have noted the conditions that you have described in your letter. No doubt

we are living in 'troublous times'; but, 'be not afraid; only believe.' In the years gone by, when you asked your Father for bread, He did not give His child a stone; and those deep longings of soul for more power to reach men, that awful sense of weakness, and those painful intercessions, so far from being proof that you have not received Him, are, I believe, sure evidences of His indwelling. But be not afraid to ask for new and greater manifestations of His power. Trust in His great love, assured that He will not now give you a scorpion.

"Spend much time before the throne in adoring love looking into the face of the glorified Jesus, asking Him to take possession and reign over all the territory of your inner and outer life. Do not be surprised if He makes new and wonderful manifestations of His love to your heart. 'And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.' Seek to know Him, Brother, amid all the turmoil and confusion of this troublous age, and believe firmly that 'his dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river to the end of the world': and, according to your faith, you will realize it in individual experience: and you shall surely see it in universal glory.

"Write again; and, if you note any signs of His coming, let me know."

I did not at this time realize anything new in my experience; and yet there has been a deepening of the inner springs of life, until all theories, all doctrines, all theologies have vanished, and I see only "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever."

December 1st. As I look backward over the years since I opened this journal, our home-life suggests peace and sheltered quietness. Yet there have been days of trial, and anxiety, and seasons of sorrow, all of which have been blessed by the presence of a "love that is stronger than death." Our daughter is almost a woman, and Baby William has traveled half of the years that will bring him to man's estate. Another sweet little lamb blessed our home for one brief year, and then went to behold the face of our Father in heaven.

Mary has become more tender, more thoughtful, more self-forgetful,—in short more Christ-like as the years have gone by. Consequently, she has had few doubts and perplexities.

Sister Bertha, after staying with us a year, joined the Salvation Army, and has been actively employed in the rescue work.

Our children have given themselves to God. We

believed all the time that God would save them. Yet Satan, as usual, tried to keep us from our lawful inheritance. Both inherited the depravity and infirmities of the human race; and both were subjected, in a measure, to the temptation and allurements of the world; moreover, the Sunday School and church, I grieve to say, did not furnish real help in leading them to a personal knowledge of Christ. We went to God, pleading His promises to save our children, and it astonished us at first to note how many promises there were bearing directly on this subject. However, it seemed that we could grasp the promises only when we laid our children down at Jesus' feet, while we went out of self, and self-love, and allowed our prayer to take in, first, the associates of our children, whose influences were adverse, and then entreated for the sinful, lost, and neglected children all over the world. God heard us and gave us, not only the salvation of our own children, but a measure of success in leading other children to Christ. Then, out of the abundance which He has granted to us, we have been enabled to support an orphan in several different mission fields. Oh, the goodness of God!

December 5th. Here are two letters that claim a place in this little journal. Both were written several years ago and show some important develop-

ments in the lives of two of our friends here. The following is from Clara Armstrong Reeves, written in reply to a letter of sympathy which we sent, on hearing of the death of her first child:

“My dear friends:—When I used to hold on to my foolish, worldly life with such tenacity, I little dreamed what my foolishness would cost me or, rather, in what way my eyes would be opened. Of course, since my marriage, I have indulged in balls, etc., less frequently, but still I did not give them up at first.

“Two weeks ago I left my precious boy at home, while I went to a masquerade ball. When I returned late at night, he was ill with high fever. When he saw me, he held up his little hands and said in his sweet, baby voice, with his breath coming so fast: ‘Oh, mamma, Jamie so glad you come.’ These were his last words. In two days he was gone.

“Many kind friends came to see me; but I was so dazed that I scarcely heard their words of sympathy, till someone, looking at the little, lifeless form, uttered that old lie, that has been brought out of heathendom, I suppose, as I have never found it in the Christian’s Bible: ‘They loved him too much.’

“‘No,’ I answered fiercely, ‘if I had loved him half

enough, I should never have left him to go to a silly ball!' The spell was broken, I saw my favorite amusement in its true light and despised myself for having been so allured by it, as to commit such an outrage upon Christianity as to be what would be called a dancing Christian (?), a dancing mother!

"Josie stayed with me after all the others were gone. You know Josie can never say anything cut-and-dried just because it is expected of her. I had seen her several times wipe the tears from her own eyes. Now she came and sat beside me, and taking one of my hands in hers, she pressed it gently. 'Josie,' I said, 'you do not know how hard it is. Oh, it seems as if my very heart is being torn from my body.'

"Then she spoke, oh, so tenderly! 'No, I do not know how it is, but God knows, and cares.'

"'Josie,' I said, 'why should God care about me? Haven't I resisted His call, and kept on in a way that I knew was wrong?'

"'I can't tell you why, dear, only that He is God, our Father, and that He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son.' In that dark moment, for the first time in my life, I saw the love of God, in the gift of His Son, and the sight melted me into repentance.

"Now, everything is changed. I do not want the old pleasures any more. I think sometimes that perhaps my baby looks into the face of God and says again, 'Jamie so glad mamma's come'; and there steals into my heart a tender joy when I think how sweetly Jesus always spoke of little children and then think that my precious child is forever with the Lord."

The other letter is from Josie Ames, and was written to Mary about one year later than the one from Clara, that has just been recorded.

"My dear Mrs. Ellwood:--You ask me to tell you something of God's dealing with me. Well, dear, my whole experience seems to be contained in that condensed account of Israel's wanderings (Deut. 8:3). 'And he humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know: that he might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.'

"When Mr. Ellwood first began to preach the great truth of the deeper life, and the privileges of believing people, I was rather afraid that these things were so, and that I, by yielding to certain influences, had drifted into a life of semi-worldliness, and was living far beneath my privileges as a

child of God. However, the real condition of things did not come home to me with sufficient force to cause a change in my life, until the night he preached on 'Discipleship.' Then the claims of Christ for an unconditional and entire consecration of the whole life appeared so reasonable, that, it seemed to me, every one in the church must instantly comply with the Saviour's proposition to forsake all to follow Him. As I listened, I planned out a life of devoted service in which L'Roi should lead, and I should follow, and help. When the altar call was made, and he did not lead, I asked him to go with me, as naturally as I should have asked him to learn a beautiful song. In his angry refusal, I realized that the mental picture that I had drawn was not consecration. I had reckoned without a Gethsemane, I had imagined a painless Calvary. I soon learned that the 'valley of the shadow of death' must be trodden alone, so far as human companionship is concerned. Yet, in the strength of God, I chose to follow in the way that Christ should lead. This decision meant parting with all that had seemed so sweet in life. L'Roi did not choose to walk in this way. He wrote me a brief letter explaining how it was. Then he went away, and gave himself up to the life of his own choosing. I will not try to describe the utter deso-

lation of heart that I experienced. For, although I was convinced I had chosen the right way, still, for a long time I was tossed about by a conscience morbidly sensitive, a mighty longing for inner harmony, and a nature quivering with living sensibilities and dread of the cross. This was because I saw the cross from the wrong side, and so failed to see on it the One who had borne my sin. I now see that this was the cause of my failures and stumblings. But, oh! with what matchless patience He bore with my slowness of heart, and how tenderly He cared for me all along the rugged way! I know that the many trials and sorrows that He allowed to come into my life were planned, in His great love, to loosen my affections from things of earth, and to lift them up to be placed upon eternal things. First the sickness and death of my little brother touched a chord in my nature that has made me ever since intensely sensitive to the world's suffering. Then trouble in Aunt Laura's family, Uncle William's supposed suicide, Arthur's dissipation, and some very distressing circumstances in Jessie's married life, have all brought me face to face with the world's sin, and the sorrow that it always brings.

"There has also been sorrow in Brother John's

family. Last summer his wife died after a lingering illness.

"It seems to me that a sight of the suffering and sin among our own people has opened mother's heart to the suffering of others, and I believe that she has not the love for worldly things that she once had.

"One day it was my privilege to attend a meeting of the Eleventh Hour Laborers, and hear a sweet, saintly old lady preach. She was a high altitude Christian—her face, her voice, her words, all bore witness to the fact that she dwelt high above the clouds and fogs of doubt, where the Eternal Sun shines, and God is all in all. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to tell of the wonderful, glorious, sweet, loving, gracious things she knew about God; and I began to experience a mighty uplifting, rest-giving hope founded on an almighty Love. After the benediction I had a little talk with this Spirit-filled woman. I told her all my doubts, and difficulties, and failures, and stumbling. 'Dear heart,' she said in such a comforting, motherly way, 'poor little lamb, I see you have been trying all these weary years to do God's work for Him. No wonder you have failed. Come now, and turn the task of your keeping over into omnipotent Hands. You are longing to be filled

with the fulness of God, and God is longing to fill you with all His blessed fulness.'

"It seemed too good to be true. I wanted to be sure about it. So I told her how God was calling me to a life of devoted service, 'and yet,' I added, 'whenever I think of any work for Him, I am always met by this: "Let them first learn to show piety at home." And this is what seems so utterly impossible for me to do. With my environment, it seems almost impossible for me even to confess Christ, I have been so unfaithful.'

"'My dear child,' she said tenderly, 'you have an almighty Saviour, who knows no limitations. Commit yourself unreservedly to Him, He will enable you to do whatever He commands. Lovingly place your home ties into His almighty keeping, and trust Him with them. Then trust Him absolutely to "work in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." He is faithful, and He will undertake for you, if you will let Him.'

"All at once, the truth of these words stood out before me in living Light: 'I am the Way.' I bade the dear old saint goodby, and went home, seeing 'no man, save Jesus only,' and my whole being was rested, and satisfied with the sight of His blessed face.

"I know it seems strange to you that it should

take me so long to learn this. But, as I said, I think the cross had been standing between us; and now my point of vision was changed.

"This marked an epoch in my life as a Christian, and yet I feel that I have not made the progress that I might have made with such a Teacher, such a Saviour. There were many lessons to be learned, and I have learned so slowly, that it is only by the patience and love of God, that I am even as far along as I am. Praise His holy name forever!"

Only the Good Shepherd knows the joy that these letters brought to our hearts. Certainly, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Our hearts are encouraged to pray for others.

December 7th. It is a great privilege to have this quiet little vacation that I may wait upon God, and learn His will more perfectly. It is also very pleasant to renew the acquaintance of our friends; and, yet, there is much of sadness, too, to be experienced in mingling again with my former flock; for I find that many souls, whom I thought firmly established in the faith when I left the city, have drifted away, and some have renounced their faith altogether. I was especially grieved to hear of the tragic death of Billy McDonald. I remember him well. He was brought to Christ in our Gospel Cam-

paign, and seemed to be deeply in earnest, and truly alive from the dead; yet, I have been told that he gradually came under the influences of his former companions, and was murdered in an infamous dive. I wonder if the pastors and Christian workers earnestly and lovingly sought to prevent him from wandering away. I am pained to confess that I did not perseveringly remember him and others in prayer.

I thank God that some, yes, very many, have not fallen away. I find that Percy Armstrong is still leading a quiet, humble Christian life; and, while he is not what one would call a deeply spiritual or self-denying Christian, yet he has never drifted into his old way of living, and he invariably confesses himself to be a follower of Christ.

In conversation with Dr. John Armstrong, I find a man deeply interested in the profound realities of the gospel,—a thoughtful, prayerful man. In his library one finds a number of books and periodicals on the higher Christian life. In the Belle Vue Infirmary, he and his wife are doing a truly beautiful work. I have heard that no one has ever been turned away on account of being unable to pay for treatment, yet there are no wards nor undesirable rooms. Rich and poor fare exactly alike.

A visit to Clara's home confirms the account of herself given in her letter. In the place of the thoughtless, pleasure-loving girl, we found the quiet mother of a well-directed home, with the same frankness of manner, and the undisguised hatred of all kinds of shams.

Andrew Goldsmith and Mrs. Goldsmith are attending a Laymen's Missionary Conference. He has sold his business interests and his home; and, owing to his strong interest in Japan, he intends moving to that country and becoming a citizen and business man in one of her larger cities.

We were deeply saddened by a visit to Mrs. Mauldin's. When we were there last, they formed an unbroken family, considered wealthy and influential. When Col. Mauldin died a few years ago, I have been told, his business was hampered by debt. But this is not the saddest part of the story. Arthur was at home the day we called, and in his usual, easy-going way began to renew our acquaintance, until his mother unwisely reproved him in our presence for his evil habits. I have seldom heard a temperance lecture or a sermon on "Sowing and Reaping" contain a more solemn warning to mothers than this half-intoxicated young man gave his mother. Rising from his seat, he made a low bow, and said in tones of mock courtesy:

"My dear mother, I beg your pardon. I really did not know that you had reformed. I supposed that when you laid aside your widow's weeds, you would open your parlor 'dive' again."

"What do you mean, Arthur?" she asked in a confused manner.

"I mean, mother, that you are in no position to reprove me for my way of living, since I learned it in your parlor."

"Son," she continued in an aggrieved tone, "your words and conduct are disrespectful and ungrateful. I simply tried to furnish amusement at home, so that you would not have to go away from home to enjoy yourself. But you should never say that you learned to drink whiskey and to gamble at home."

"Mother," he said bitterly, "there is no difference in kind between a tiger cub, with its first taste of blood, and a full grown tiger; and if you will show me the moral difference between drinking wine, and playing whist for a cut glass vase in a Christian home, and drinking whiskey, and playing poker for a stated purse in an appointed place, I will then be willing to admit that my evil habits just came of themselves, as a result of my natural perversity, and I will clear you of all responsibility in the matter."

Still the mother, sad to say, made no acknowl-

edgment of having done wrong! May the God of all grace, in pity, lead her to repentance.

In the Mayhew home we found the Judge taking a keen interest in the various philanthropies of the family. But we soon learned that the tenderest place in his fatherly heart is occupied by "my child in China," as he lovingly calls Alice. The same is no doubt true of the mother; but her children are so snugly tucked away in the heart of God, and His love is such a living reality, that she never seems to feel any anxiety on their behalf. Andrew Murray says, "Intercession is part of faith's training school," and truly this elect woman learned some very blessed lessons, while interceding with God in behalf of the boy who now stands by the grace of God as the stay of his parents in their declining years.

At the headquarters of the Salvation Army, we visited Sister Bertha, and found her busy and happy in her God-chosen work.

Perhaps the most changed person we have met is Josie Ames; instead of the restless, impulsive creature, tossed about by various emotions, we found a quiet, self-forgetting woman, whose face shone with a joy that is unlike all other joys. She is happily associated with an older woman in the Christ-like ministries of a Settlement House. Josie

told us of the details of the work, and of her happiness in it. Her work is chiefly among the boys of the streets—newsboys, boot-blacks, etc. They have recently added to their institution a Boys' Home, where these street wanderers may find a really comfortable Christian home for the first time in their lives. I heard Josie speak of only one sorrow—"So many of these boys prefer shivering in the streets, to giving up their cigarettes and profanity and living in the Home; but we do not give them up. We hope to win them yet. So we lovingly commit them to God." Then she told us of a great joy: "Mother has begun to take a real loving interest in our work, and just as soon as Brother John marries, and she feels that they do not need her any longer, she is coming to live with us in the Home. Isn't that beautiful? Then last week she sent me all of dear little Ernest's belongings—the furniture from his room, his books, his little tools and toys. I shed tears of joy when I made ready Ernest's snowy, little bed for a poor little fellow who, perhaps, had never in his life slept in a clean, comfortable bed; and I said in my heart, 'Precious little brother, perhaps one day some of these wandering lambs may, through the matchless grace of our Elder Brother, sit with you at His feet, and tell how you helped to lead them there.'"

I used to feel so troubled at times over this tried child of God, and feared, somehow, lest she fail to realize God's purpose in her life. Then, when we found her so rested in God's will, so joyous in His service, I was amazed at the matchless love of God. Mary whispered reverently, "'My Father is the husbandman. Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.'"

December 9th. Last evening we went down to Howard Street to prayer-meeting. Tom Callahan is still withstanding "the world, the flesh, and the devil," in the strength of God. The old warehouse has been torn away, and a large, substantial brick church stands in its place. It is rather a unique institution—a church, or perhaps we might call it a meeting house, without a membership roll. They have services every Sunday morning and evening, and a well-attended prayer-meeting on Thursday evening. Revival services are held twice a year. If, at any time, a member of the congregation should express a desire to unite with the church, his name and address are sent to the pastor of the church of his choice.

I asked Tom Callahan if he did not think it would be wiser to organize a church, and put it under the control of some Synod, Association, or Conference. This is his reply: "God has other and fitter men to

build up the different denominations. This is simply a soul-saving station, carried on with the purpose of reaching the non-church-going throng of this section of the city with a message of God's love."

This lay pastor (if I may use the term) is still the proprietor of a growing grocery business, assists at the City Mission, finds out and relieves much human suffering, and yet finds time to do some evangelistic work. What is the secret of these unusual activities? He is a man of much prayer. His wife told me that he habitually rises early, and gives the first hours of the day to the reading of God's Word and prayer. "Then," she said, "I sometimes hear him in the night, pleading for the lost in every land, often groaning and weeping in agony. His prayer list includes drunkards, gamblers, saloon-keepers, harlots, unsaved church members, in short all who are deceived by Satan, and are rejecting Christ."

Thank God for Tom Callahan! "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound."

December 11th. On yesterday we worshiped with Dr. Mitchell's congregation at the Oak Street Presbyterian Church.

I have never known a more successful pastor than Dr. Mitchell. His church is pre-eminent-

ly a missionary church, supporting missionaries here in the city, missionaries in the mountains, and quite a number of foreign missionaries, besides a number of lesser charities. Next week the Laymen's Missionary Movement will hold a convention in this church.

December 12th. Yesterday we attended the noon prayer-meeting at the May Flower Mill, and spent part of the afternoon in the mill village, seeing what the energetic love of these two people has accomplished. They have well-graded streets with rows of attractive cottages of different styles of architecture, and painted in different shades. Near the center of the village is a large park with many summer attractions. The school building has been enlarged and improved, and to the Graded School they have added a thorough textile and business course. We also visited the May Flower Home, the Infirmary, the gymnasium, the library, the kindergarten, and the three beautiful churches.

"You must be very much gratified by the success of your work," I said to Sister Miriam. "Yes," she replied, "to a certain extent. Certainly it is a great pleasure to have the assurance that we are doing the work that God has appointed us to do. We were very much delighted at the recent elections, both municipal and primary, when the can-

didates, who were believed to stand for righteousness, received a large majority of the votes cast at the May Flower box. Yet, while many have been helped to higher living, and better citizenship, still I cannot help feeling sad over the fact that so many have left on account of compulsory education and the enforcement of the Child Labor Law, and have gone to drift from one mill to another, where these measures are not enforced. I could tell you some incidents that would sound amusing, if they did not show such a pitiful condition of dwarfed moral character and sin-blighted lives. Strong men will hunt work for their little children, (some of them under age, and all of them unable to read) leaving themselves out of the count, saying that they would just job around and help the 'old woman' with the housework, while, as a matter of fact, the 'old woman' does the housework, the children make the living, and the men loaf. Mr. Mayhew was driven to make it a law, and have it rigidly enforced that no man should be allowed to live in the mill village, without legitimate employment, or a certificate from the resident physician showing that he was physically unable to work. We try to teach them that laziness and filth are both sins against God; and yet it requires much patience and perseverance and tact; for sometimes

it is easier to enforce rules, than to help the individual to see the rightness of the rules."

I asked George if his mill reform paid financially. "Oh, yes, in a way it does. While the dividends are not much larger than they were ten years ago, still the property, on account of the improvements, is much more valuable, and the mill stock, if quoted, would be higher."

In the evening we went to the mission that was organized during the last year of my pastorate here. Frank Mayhew is superintendent of the mission, but all of the pastors in the city lend a hand. Many a poor, forlorn, hopeless wreck of humanity has found the love of God so sweetly illustrated in the heart of Mother Mayhew, that they have been melted into penitence, and have been shown the way to God.

December 14th. We accepted an invitation from Henry Walton to attend prayer-meeting last evening at the Pentecostal Mission. A visiting minister of some note preached a sermon of real depth and power. During the service the old question presented itself: Why this isolation from all other religious bodies? I believe the preacher and many of the congregation to be people of unmistakable consecration and devotion to God. Yet I fear that with some at least there is danger of mis-

taking license to act strangely for the real power and liberty of the Holy Spirit.

To what extent are the churches and the ordained ministry responsible for this condition of things? If, as ministers, we invariably lifted a victorious Jesus, and our churches pulsed with religious life and warmth, no doubt many an earnest child of God would be retained within its membership, and become a real helper.

We have seen the analogy in an earthly home. While it is never safe for children, for the mere sake of what they call liberty, to leave their father's house; yet, whenever I see a child leave home, I am forced to the conclusion that, in some way, his parents have failed to make that home meet his real need.

December 20th. I find the Laymen's meeting intensely interesting. I never heard "Onward Christian Soldiers" sung with such meaning as they sing it in this conference. Some of the addresses are just businesslike, and seem to lack the great love power that awakens enthusiasm; still there are others to which no thoughtful man can listen, and remain the same that he was before. "Thy Kingdom come," will be sure to be uttered with deeper intensity of meaning.

Last night I heard the prince of Laymen, a man

of magnificent dreaming, coupled with practical, businesslike earnestness. To his way of thinking (and it certainly is according to the mind of Christ) there is but one calling for the Christian—the evangelization of the world; all relations and vocations of life being made subservient to this heavenly calling, which is worthy of supreme self-sacrifice and devotion.

This morning a missionary, who has spent thirty years in China, spoke of "China and her people." His address was a comprehensive, and thrillingly interesting account of the customs, educational system, laws, and religion of this ancient nation. He gave a graphic account of the opium curse—that most shameful chapter in the history of so-called Christian civilization. He told how closely opium and the Opium Wars were associated with Christianity in the minds of millions of untaught, benighted heathen. "If you could see," he continued, "if you could catch only a glimpse of what opium has done for the people of China, you would not wonder at their calling the people, who forced it upon them by a cruel war, 'Foreign Devils.' And, while opium has entailed a list of suffering upon a wronged people, which the God of nations alone can repay; yet, if it were possible, by some great miracle, to rid China in one day of the

opium curse, still her people, with their high ideals, and their profound philosophy, will confess unto you: 'We are in darkness, we know not the Way, we cannot find God.' But the Boxer crisis, the climax of China's opposition, has been followed by a new order of things. China can no longer be called a 'sleeping giant'—yet a giant aroused from a sleep of centuries has possibilities and dangers unknown to one asleep. Never before were there so many wide open doors. Never before was China so ready to receive the Word of life; and never was need greater. What are we doing in comparison with what we could do? Young man, young woman, when you pray, 'Thy Kingdom come,' are you sure that you are loyal to the demands of the Kingdom? Does your heart not burn within you, as you remember these waste places of the earth? 'The King's business requireth haste.' Our schools and hospitals have accomplished much good; but to meet the present crisis, we need evangelists to go out beyond the mission station into heathen China, and preach the gospel. Do you ask if there are difficulties, hardships, self-denials, dangers? I answer 'yes'; but there are blessed compensations; and has He not promised, 'Lo I am with you always'?"

The same urgent call comes from all the mission

fields. Why is the call not heeded more readily? I am sure of one thing, we do not pray enough. The laborers must be sent from God. "Then saith he unto his disciples, the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest" (Matt. 9:37, 38). "As they ministered to the Lord, and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work, whereunto I have called them. And, when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them they sent them away. So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed" (Acts 13:2, 3, 4).

CHAPTER XI.

"I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living" (Psalm 27:18).

"Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan;
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!

"In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds, dark with fears,
From paths, where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

"From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

"The cup of water, given for Thee,
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

"O Master, from the mountainside,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
Oh, tread the city's streets again.

"Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow, where Thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the City of our God."

—FRANK M. NORTH.

January 14th. My mind of late has dwelt so constantly upon the subject of the world's evangelization, that I am trying seriously, from all the information that I can gather, from statistics, reports of missionaries, and all other sources, to learn what the world's real condition is. I have before me two devices, meant to show the progress of the gospel. One is a map of the world, with all the Protestant Christian nations in white while all of the other countries are black. I have looked long and thoughtfully at this significant little map, and wonder that so much of its surface is still black, and I have been told that it is a darkness that may be felt.

My feelings are stirred as I recall the heroes of the cross, who have toiled in each of these fields, and I am not unmindful of the faithful disciples that have been made; but, as I have gone from country to country, and to the islands of the sea, I have learned some appalling facts concerning the spread of Christianity—facts that make me think!

Now I turn to the white portions of the map,

and first I look at Europe, a land consecrated by the prayers and blood of saints and martyrs. Here and there I find patches of white, supposed to represent the highest outcome of Christian civilization. But as I look, it seems that the black and white have all mingled together, obscured by the din and smoke of war, and blurred by the tears and blood of victims of unparalleled cruelty.

More thoughtful, if not wiser for this study of world conditions, once more my eyes fall upon the familiar outline of my own beloved land, which is indeed a good land; and, from the depths of my being, I thank God for an open Bible, and for many good laws, and wise provisions. Yet, as I look thoughtfully and lovingly at the little symbol before me, the pure white seems to become clouded, and my mind is filled with apprehensions; for I cannot close my eyes to facts that show that the great controlling power in this country is not the gospel of the Son of God! Any thoughtful, observing person can see the dangerous significance of these things: the stupendous provisions for war, by land and by sea; the universal power of M O N E Y ; strife between Capital and Labor; the widening breach between the rich and the poor; the criminal neglect of children in the remote rural, mining, and mill districts; political

corruption; the dangerous power of Roman Catholicism; the insinuating spread of Mormonism; heathen immigration, which our country has not been Christian enough to Christianize, and which has resulted in the building of heathen temples in some of our larger cities; Sabbath desecration by Sunday trains, Sunday newspapers, disgusting Sunday amusements, etc.; the Liquor Traffic; the Social evil, especially the White Slave Trade; the alarming increase in crime, as a result, no doubt, of the dreadful fact, that, during the year just gone, more liquor was consumed in the United States than ever before!

Yet thousands of noble and wise men and women are honestly and earnestly devoting their lives to the task of correcting these things. We have societies for the preservation of the Sabbath, numerous Temperance societies, Social Purity societies, Crusades on the White Slave Trade, Anti-Cigarette Leagues, societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, various Charitable Guilds, and Settlement Workers. In fact, I believe we have a reform measure for every evil that exists; and I thank God for every life, that, through these beneficent workers, has been rescued from any form of error. Yet, somehow, the means employed have so far been inadequate to influence the masses.

I take up the other little device, and study its figures thoughtfully and reverently. It is meant to show the exact proportion of Christians to the world's population, by a broadening wedge of white in a series of black discs. As I look at the last figure in the diagram, and think candidly of the church today, my heart aches; for it does not require any miraculous spirit of discernment to note among the great masses of her membership an utter lack of spirituality, loss of faith, a breaking down of the division between the church and the world, and the great flood of worldliness that is sweeping in, affecting her most sacred and solemn institutions. In fact, church membership has almost no significance, for, where the grosser forms of worldliness are not indulged in, many who are numbered among the people of God are seeking the same things as "the nations of the world seek after." Time and thought and life's best energies are expended on things that must perish with the using. What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Where withal shall we be clothed? How shall we amuse ourselves? or How shall we make profitable and safe investments? are considered questions of paramount importance; and I fear that it is still a "little flock" that is seeking "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

The question forces itself upon my consideration: "To what extent is the Christian ministry responsible for the condition of things?" With a sickening heart I call to mind some of the flimsy, man-pleasing creeds, and downright infidelity that we hear offered to dying men and women in the name of the gospel of Christ, and instilled into the minds of the youth of the land, in many of our higher institutions of learning.

Apart from this, many a preacher today is holding to the form, while he denies, ridicules, or neglects the power of the gospel that he professes to preach.

As these solemn thoughts force themselves upon my mind, I look again at the little symbol before me, and it seems that the wedge of white has grown more narrow; but, thank God, it has not lost a single ray of its lustrous whiteness; for the Gospel of Christ is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," and there are in the church at home and in the mission fields sometimes in unexpected places, "chosen, faithful" ones, whose names are in the Book of Life, their number being unknown to the census taker, but not one forgotten by the Father in heaven. Some of these are working in quiet, humble places; others are doing exploits of faith and courage in grand service

to humanity: they are channels through whom the Holy Spirit works marvels of God's love and power in salvation, and healing, and overcoming the Evil One. I remember it is written: "Many shall be purified, and made white, and tried." "The people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits."

In genuine sorrow of heart and deep humiliation of mind that my own ministry has not shown more of the compelling power of Christ's love, I lay aside all diagrams and statistics, and closing my eyes, I give myself up to a few moments of earnest, uninterrupted thought.

It seems to me that I was never before so deeply conscious of the power, the fury, and the artfulness of humanity's foe. I never caught such a vision of the world's sin, the world's darkness, the world's suffering, the world's sorrow. I can see it in every form of sin-dwarfed humanity. I can trace it in the pale faces and listless eyes of drug and tobacco fiends, the bloated faces of the drunkard and glutton, the restless never-satisfied tread of the pleasure-seeker, the hard, cruel face of the money-lover; I learn it in the long list of suicides; I hear it in the cry of neglected children, and in sighs of overburdened laborers; and even in the groans of ill-fed, imprisoned, or overburdened beasts. When I add

to all this the gross darkness of heathen lands, it seems to me that I can almost hear the groaning and travailing of the whole creation.

My heart melts with a deeper sorrow over the lost, a tenderer pity over the erring, a more Christ-like compassion over all kinds of suffering; and I enter more deeply into fellowship with the sufferings of Christ, realizing more than ever the meaning of the love that "sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved." With a renewed intensity of devotion, I ask that my life may be poured forth to make known this love to a lost world; and with a painful consciousness of the awful judgment upon those who reject Christ, I give myself up to a season of prayer for laborers to be sent of God into this abundant harvest field, and for the Spirit to be sent out to turn the hearts of these wanderers back to their God.

The Coming One.

January 20th. When and how shall the "kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ"? The answer to this question involves the final giving up of an old hope; but, thank God, it implies the resurrection of a "better hope."

The situation brings to mind a little incident of my childhood. Once mother was called away from home on some business that would keep her an indefinite length of time. She was obliged to leave me at home. Arranging everything for my comfort and safety, and giving the care of the chickens and the winding of the clock into my hands, she left, saying, as she folded me in her arms and kissed me goodby, "Be a good boy; and I will be back just as soon as I can, and will bring you a present."

After the first sense of disappointment at not being able to go with mother and the awful feeling of loneliness were over, I began to make plans that I expected to carry out while mother was away. I have often thought of the lessons I learned during this, my mother's first absence from me. For one thing, I learned that it is much easier to plan a wonderful chicken coop than it is to make it. I neglected my studying on the first afternoon in order to gather up the materials and tools for this elaborate structure. The next afternoon a school-mate came home with me, and spent the night. We played too long; and lessons were again neglected; and I forgot to wind the clock, which was an honor and privilege that I had long coveted; and the neglect of it caused much inconvenience and confusion on the plantation the next day. By Friday I began

to say, "Perhaps mother will come today, and I wonder what she will bring me." So anxious was I about her coming, that I obtained leave of my teacher to go home at noon to see if she had come; but she had not come! That afternoon I was restless and anxious—watching for mother. In my haste to get back to my perch on the gate post, I neglected to shelter a hen with a brood of small chickens. During the night a heavy rain storm made me feel so lonely and afraid, although I was not alone, that I began to wonder, if mother loved me so very much, why did she stay away so long? After the storm, I slept soundly until morning, and awoke with a joyous hope, almost amounting to certainty, "Mother will surely come today, perhaps by noon, certainly by the close of the day!"

There was a routine of small jobs that I was always expected to do on Saturdays; and in the earnestness of loving expectation, I set out to do my day's work, hoping to finish up by the time mother should come. But, somehow, things went wrong. The heavy rain had drowned some of the unsheltered chicks, and the hen was very hard to manage after being left to herself the evening before. When all my ingenuity and resources had about failed with the refractory hen, a disappointed, disheartened little fellow found himself caught up in a pair of lov-

ing arms. The troublesome hen was soon under shelter, and I was pouring out a humiliating list of shortcomings, which were all understood and overlooked by a strong mother love. I learned that she had traveled until after night, in order to reach home as early as possible in the morning. In the great joy and comfort of mother's actual presence I had forgotten all about the present she was to bring, until a beautiful picture-book was placed in my hands. The next week the elaborate plan of the unfinished coop was simplified, and with mother's help the coop was finished.

In the early days of my Christian life, I remember how, in an enthusiasm born of love, I hoped to help bring the world to Christ; and I entered joyfully upon the task. The teaching that I occasionally heard on the Second Coming of Christ seemed to me to be useless, and rather speculative. In fact, I rather hoped that He would not come until certain individuals were saved, or until certain undertakings would be accomplished.

But, as the years have rolled around, I have often wondered that so many reject the Word, in its saving power; and then the love of so many seems to have grown cold; and I realize that things are not coming to pass as I had hoped.

Often, as I have been praying for an individual

or a particular work, my heart has been touched, and my faith almost paralyzed by the sad thought: There are thousands of others, just as sinful, just as needy, just as dear to the heart of God; then I find myself burdened with a sense of the world's sin, pleading with God for a lost world. When a pleasure or a blessing of any kind comes into my life, I am often reminded of some individual who is deprived of this enjoyment, and instantly I am bewildered by a sense of the whole world's destitution. Whenever I hear of any sorrow or oppression or cruelty that I cannot prevent, or hear of the horrors of war in any land, I am often moved even to tears, by a vague but undeniable sense of the world's suffering. Again, when I see the great multitude, blindly seeking the perishing destructive things of this life, forgetting God and eternal things, my heart stands still with a nameless dread, and I become conscious of the fearful deception of the Evil One.

These experiences have bound me to the Mercy Seat; and from time to time, as I have laid the seemingly hopeless condition of the world upon the heart of God, the Blessed Comforter draws me very close to Christ. I become possessed and thrilled by a mighty Hope, as the Spirit of truth shows me out of the Word of God

that, in the saddest, darkest moment of this old world's history; in the time of Satan's deepest deception and greatest power, then Christ Himself, the Deliverer, the Saviour, the King, having become the Desire of all nations, will come in power and great glory, and have the Deceiver bound a thousand years, and reign Himself from sea to sea, and from the river to the end of the world. Hallelujah! Praise His Name!

I would not speculate upon the full significance of His coming, either to those who love His appearing or those who have not obeyed the gospel. I dare not go beyond the plain statements of the Word of God; but the Second—the Pre-millennial Coming of Christ is now no longer a useless teaching, a barren speculation, but a Blessed Hope, even a loving necessity of the redemptive work that He has undertaken as Saviour of the world; for “the things which are impossible with men are possible with God.” And it is not hard to believe that in the personal presence of the living, reigning Christ, when we “see him as he is,” the Deceiver being bound, we will no longer “teach every man his neighbor, every man his brother.” The schools and reforms that we find helpful now while “we know in part” shall be done away, when that which is “perfect is come,” and “the knowledge of the

Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

This hope inspires a deeper love for my Master, a more Christ-like pity for those whom He died to save. It has strengthened the conviction that I must seek here no "continuing city"; but live as a "pilgrim and a stranger on earth." Yet, I dare not "stand gazing into heaven"; but remembering that it is not for me to know "the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power," I give myself anew, in the power of the Spirit to be His witness, to believe on His name, to preach His gospel, that I may be able to stand before the Son of man.

"And now, little children, abide in him; that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming."

"And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then shall they see the Son of man coming in a cloud with power and great glory."

"And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great

chain in his hand. And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season."

"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years."

"Behold a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment."

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen."

February 4th. Have I ever really denied myself for the cause of Christ? I have always practiced economy, and lived simply; but that has involved no real sacrifice. I love simplicity. I have contributed freely of my means to the cause of Christ; but I have just had such a vision of the world's need, and of God's love, that I realize that what has been acceptable service in the past will not do today. No ordinary service, no ordinary praying will answer in these troublous times: now I must serve the world to the point of weariness, self-sacrifice and

pain. As I have prayed, and pondered the affairs of the Kingdom in each field of the world, the dire need of laborers everywhere has been painfully realized; but God has laid the needs of China upon my heart, and called me to evangelize in the dense interior of that suffering land.

When this call first came, I was afraid that I might be led by enthusiasm, so I waited upon God; and the following questions were settled in His presence.

I am forty-one years old: does not God need and call younger men to this work?

Moses spent fully two-thirds of his life in preparation for his life-work. I am in robust health: if my Lord should tarry, and it please God to use me so long, I see no reason why I could not serve Him forty years longer. Perhaps my experience in seeking the lost may help me in China, especially this lesson that I have learned from failures on the one hand, and God-given victories on the other: "The battle is the Lord's."

Then there are the children! I know Mary, as a good soldier of the cross, would gladly face the inconveniences and dangers of any land for Christ's sake: but would it be right or wise to take the children to China, before their educations are finished? Or could we leave them at home? Here the

promise came so forcibly that it almost seemed to be spoken: "The promise is unto you, and to your children."

One question more came up: a question that seemed hard to settle: "Is there not need—sore, pressing need for laborers at home? Are there not neglected spots in the mountains, and in the cities, in mining and lumber camps? And my own beloved church—does she not need watchmen to sound the alarm against the sins and dangers of this troublous age?"

I was never more deeply conscious of the need of Spirit-filled men and women to labor in every corner of the vineyard; yet I realize that I can best serve my homeland and the whole Kingdom, and my prayers will have power, only, by unquestioned obedience to the King.

And so I leave the matter in God's hands, assuredly believing that God has called me to evangelize in the interior of China. I am resting in quiet peace.

Conclusion.

February 8th. When I told Mary of my call to China, she did not seem surprised or dismayed. Yet when we began to talk about going, she said that she did not think it would be according to

the "sound mind" of the gospel to take the children at present to a country where there were no suitable schools for them to attend, and that it seemed best for her to stay with them and keep them in school here a while longer. I felt the wisdom of this, but was hardly prepared for what it involved. Mary saw me hesitate and said gently: "Dear, you know men have been separated from their families to amass fortunes, to serve their country, and win military honors; some have fallen on the field of battle for what they believed to be a righteous cause; and surely we can do this for Jesus' sake, and in His strength." Together we kneeled down and renewed the vows of our consecration. Thank God! by His grace, I said, "Yes" unconditionally. By this same matchless grace, although for a time, it was with quivering lip, I still said unfalteringly, "Yes, Lord, I will leave all, and follow Thee." It seemed to me that the love and warmth of home never seemed so dear to me before. All the chivalric love and fatherly instinct of my nature were stirred to their very center, as I thought of leaving Mary and the children without their natural protector. On the other hand, I never realized before how much I depended upon Mary. Her counsel seemed utterly indispensable. Yet, thank God; I know I was not "looking back." When

Jesus spoke of leaving home, and parents, and brethren, and wife, and children for the kingdom of God, I was sure He did not mean that these relations should be lightly esteemed, or that it would not hurt to give them up. I know, too, that Mary loved me as tenderly as I loved her and the children. But I believed that her faith or her love—her realization of God was stronger than mine. So I would not hurt her by telling her how I felt. Alone in my study, from the depths of my heart, I uttered this prayer: "O Saviour, who also wast tempted, pardon these tears, and make me strong in Thy strength to go with Thee all the way." He heard me; for there swept over my entire being a comfort, a peace, a realization of eternal life, a sense of God, that lifted me up and made me strong and glad and free.

February 9th. Today, I received the following letter from the Secretary of Missions:

"Dear Brother:—Your letter received: I thank God for your devotion and consecration. The need is great for just such service as you offer; but I deplore the fact that there is not enough money in the treasury to warrant the Board in appointing you at present."

O Saviour of men, as Thou sittest over against the treasury, and beholdest how the people cast

money into the treasury; what thinkest Thou, when the people, who are called by Thy name, have money for every great enterprise—banking, manufacturing, commercial, etc.; money to buy houses and land; money for luxuries, and many useless, and even hurtful indulgences; while the interests of Thy kingdom are carried on in this half-hearted way? God help us! Show the people the beauty and excellence of Thine everlasting kingdom, and may they bring not only the tithes into Thy storehouse, but gifts and offerings.

This little halt in our arrangements led me again “to wait upon God” for guidance, lest I run ahead of His will. Again He has given me the undoubted assurance of His call to the regions beyond, and again I answer, “Here am I, send me,” even when the treasury is empty; for I know that if I am obedient to God, if I put His name, His kingdom, His will first, then I can depend upon Him for all I need for my family as well as for myself. The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, is sweetly keeping me today, as I go out seeking the lost in the city, “ready to depart on the morrow,” if God leads the way.

February 15th. When God called me to a closer walk with Himself, in my consecration, I very definitely laid all my earthly possessions upon His

altar. Since then, in obedience to Christ, I have not laid up treasure upon earth, but have endeavored to act as His steward, and to distribute what I have had to give in close fellowship with Him.

I was never led to sell the old plantation home where I spent my childhood. It did not seem right to inconvenience the family who had rented it so long. Then, somehow, I always felt that, perhaps, God was keeping it for a home where I might spend my last days, and, perhaps, too, He might let me build a home there for the homeless, when I should become too old to preach. The quiet repose of the old home always appealed to me. I love the country, its bountiful fresh air, its hills and valleys, its forests and fruitful fields; I love the homely simplicity, and neighborliness of the country community life; but, as the "Go" of my Master, emphasized by the needs of a suffering world, has sounded in my ears, all other sounds have died away; and trusting my Father, who "knoweth that we have need of all these things," I have laid my ancestral love, together with all hope of an earthly home, upon God's altar, and sold the old plantation.

This seems to be the leading of Providence. The price received astonished me. I thank God for His bounty, that enables me to provide for my

family, and to open up mission work in the interior of China.

The same mail, that carried the titles to the land, carried also another letter to the missionary Secretary, with the good news of God's provision.

February 20th. I have just fulfilled a brief ministry to each of my former charges, where I have borne witness once more to the amazing love of God and entreated men and women to yield themselves to God. God has granted me the gracious presence and precious manifestations of the Holy Spirit in persuasive power. I have seen quite a number seeking God; and, as the needs of a perishing world have been presented, some have renewed the vows of their consecration and sought the Holy Spirit for guidance and power in service. I thank God for every heart that has been refreshed and helped. I knew of only two definite decisions being made. A gifted young woman yielded obedience to a call to teach and do mission work in the mountains of our own land. A young man, a member of the church I last served, surrendered his life to God; and my heart was cheered this morning by a letter saying that he has obtained a license to preach, and that he wishes to accompany me to China. His home church has assumed his

support. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

March 10th. Last evening we had a missionary service in St. Paul's Church. In deep, loving seriousness, I pleaded with a large congregation, from the standpoints of their highest personal good, the world's sad need, and the glory of Christ, to yield themselves to God for His service. At the close of the service, a large number gathered around the altar, in response to a loving exhortation from the pastor, for a new and deep consecration to God.

At this service three decisions were made. Frank Graham yielded obedience to an oft-repeated call to do personal work for Christ, and Brother Mitchell called me up this morning to say that a young married couple of his congregation have volunteered for service in Africa. Surely God is good.

March 12th. With my whole being melted into responsive tenderness, and humbled by the revelation of the "Love of Christ which passeth knowledge" I leave today to preach Christ in China. God is sweetly upholding us all as the time of my departure draws near. If it shall please God to honor my humble ministry, by giving me souls for my hire, I shall assign the greater share of the spoils to the brave, loving little woman who said, "Go, and

preach the gospel unfettered; and I will stay with our children."

My heart is strongly, sweetly thrilled by the presence of Him who commands, "Go ye into all the world," and who promised, "Lo, I am with you alway"; and it bounds with the hope of another promise, "Surely, I come quickly." In deepest worship I reply, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

March 13th. Yesterday, I wrote what I supposed would be the last entry in this little journal: then I gave it to Mary as a parting gift; but, praise the Lord! I have another glorious entry to make. Mary may still keep the journal, but not as a parting gift; for, by the providence of God, we expect to be separated only a few months. Instead of two men going alone to join in China's evangelization, we are to have a little Christian community of Christian homes, and schools, and churches! "His loving kindness, oh, how good!"

This is how it all came about: a little while back, Frank Graham consecrated himself to God and received the promised Spirit, working in him a loving, childlike obedience. Realizing the pressing

need of schools in the mission field, suited to the needs of missionaries' children, there sprang up in his heart the desire to open such a school in China. The desire was shared by his wife, who is also a teacher; and after much prayer, they are convinced that the plan is of God. With Frank Graham, decision means action; so in the next few weeks, while he closes his present school term, he is planning to dispose of his property here, and invest in Chinese property, move his family to China, not as missionaries in the strictest sense of the word, but as citizens of China as near as that may be.

I am going on, according to my engagement, with the young brother who volunteered some time ago; and we are to find, through the loving guidance of our God, a quiet little village among the beautiful mountains of China, and make ready for the others to come.

It is good to see how glad Mary is to take an active part in the evangelization of China. Her faith and devotion have already overcome the privations and hardships of the way. In fact, I did not realize just how much it had cost her to stay, until God made the provision that allowed her to go and at the same time fulfil her God-appointed duties of motherhood. We both praise God today for allowing us to work together, without depriving

China. Surely, there are no discords nor conflicting duties in His perfect will. While I go from village to village, doing the work of the evangelist, it will help to know that there is a little home village, where Mary with the others of the "Home Guard," are doing a service just as necessary and acceptable in His name.

The children of both families may also learn to love and labor for China! Belonging to the Dominion, and under the care of the Great King we are glad to hear Him say, "The Promise is to you and to your children." Thank God this promise covers all their need; and we are glad and happy.

When Abraham and Isaac were descending the slopes of Mount Moriah, listening to the renewed promises of blessing and fruitfulness and victory, they were surely no less devoted to their covenant God than when the beloved Isaac lay unflinching beneath Abraham's uplifted knife.

I thank God that His grace enabled me to yield unquestioning obedience when it seemed that His voice was calling me to forsake all for the sake of the Kingdom. Today, when the cross seems not so heavy, and the blessings of life are multiplied, by this same matchless grace, I love His appearing; and as He renews His promise, "Surely I come quickly," my heart bounds hopefully, rejoicing that

all mine are still His, my whole being responds,
“Even so, come, Lord Jesus!”

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